

SCREENLAND

from HOLLYWOOD

February
25 Cents



Myron Zobel
publisher

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 Screen 2/23

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SET YOUR BRAIN A-WORKING!

You have a good line! What does this picture, posed by Shannon Day, suggest to you? Write out your suggestions for a clever title to this picture—as many as you choose, on **separate** sheets of paper—and mail them in to the contest editor. Be sure your name and address are on each sheet. Envelopes should contain nothing but your address and your titles, unless you wish to compete for the **GRAND PRIZES**, headed by a first prize of \$100. To be eligible for these big, worth-while prizes, enclose a one-dollar bill or money-order or your personal check with your title suggestions.

The titles to the picture shown above may be original, or may be quoted from some well-known author. It should not contain more than 20 words. "Brevity is the soul of wit." Make your titles short and snappy.

The contest will appear in four more issues of SCREENLAND and will close on May 1, 1923. The winning titles will be selected by members of SCREENLAND'S staff and their decision will be final. The winners will be announced as soon as possible after the closing of the contest and checks will be mailed to the winners simultaneously with the announcement of the award. If duplicates are received for any winning answer, both contestants will receive full prizes.

Members of SCREENLAND'S staff are not eligible for this contest.

SCREENLAND TITLE CONTEST EDITOR, 223,
Hollywood, California.

This subscription, for the next six issues of SCREENLAND, for which I enclose one dollar, entitles me to compete for the grand prize offer in SCREENLAND. The titles I submit for the photograph of Shannon Day are enclosed herewith.

Name
Address
City State.....

Every contestant who sends in a subscription to this contest will receive an autographed photograph of the lovely model for the title picture, Miss Shannon Day, as reproduced above. Attach your dollar to your title and send it in TODAY, with the attached coupon.

Tomorrow

Illusions

A Star That Murdered
A Public Trust

—WITH APOLOGIES TO NO ONE—

(Copyright, 1922)

ILLUSION is a precious thing. Realities crowd our lives, hem us in, keep our feet stuck in the clay. On the wings of Illusion we fly into the Land of Things As We Would Like Them to Be.

The greatest creator of illusions in our everyday existence is the Motion Picture. The screen star of Tomorrow will realize the debt he owes to his public as a creator of illusions.

A STAR may simply slip gradually off the pedestal erected for him by an adoring public, without creating much excitement. But sometimes the star commits a great crime, and the public in shocked sorrow has to hurl him from the heights. This crime is the murdering of the public's illusions, the unpardonable sin.

WE MAY say that the stars have a right to their private lives; that they are not the custodians of the morals of their public. But the larger viewpoint is that if the star accepts stardom, with all that it implies, he has no right to betray the trust which the public places in him.

ANOTHER star has shot high in the firmament of public adulation—and fallen. For years his name has been a synonym for debonair masculine charm. His fresh boyishness is enshrined in millions of feminine hearts, not doing them any harm, but rather making up to them for the emptiness of their own lives.

THAT star has two great crimes to answer for. He has killed himself (as a star), and he has killed the illusions of the public, which is worse. The public has watched with incredulous hurt the slow breaking-down of that magnificent physique; has watched the dulling eye, the drooping mouth, the world-weariness stamped on the whole face and figure of this one-time apostle of romantic youth. The star, ill now, has reached the end of the labyrinthine maze of fame and popularity. He is standing now in the innermost chamber, face to face with the gargoyles of Public Death.

Entered as second-class matter at the post-office at San Francisco, California.



EBB TIDE
A California seashore camera study
By Edwin Bower Hesser

Screen
land



Screen
land

Corinne Griffith is a new member of the Hollywood film colony, having forsaken the eastern climate so unsuitable to filmy stage wear for the western Selznick studio. Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston.



¶ Gloria startles blasé Hollywoodites by wearing a new makeup nowadays of olive powder, the better to illuminate her exotic appeal. Portrait by Donald Biddle Keyes.

Screen
land



Screen
land

¶ One of the best-known leading women on the screen is Kathleen Clifford, who is conspicuous in the glittering cast of *Kick In*, the latest Fitzmaurice production for Paramount.

Portrait by Donald Biddle Keyes.



¶ You will see Wanda Hawley like this in *Nobody's Money*, her last picture under the Paramount banner.

Portrait by Donald Biddle Keyes.





¶ The radiance of Betty Blythe's personality survives the pulse-stilling process of portraiture. Her pictures always breathe . . . and often are breath-taking.

Portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser.

Screen
land



¶ "Miss" DuPont appears, most decoratively,
in Warner Bros.' filming of Brass, in the
part of Lucy Baldwin.

Portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe.





¶ Artists we've seen never, never looked like this. But if the picture Ruth Clifford is going to paint is half as lovely as the artist, it has our vote for a place in the Salon.

Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

Screen
land



¶ Like a figure on a Grecian urn is this beautiful study of Corrine Griffith. Are they golden apples she is tendering so graciously? Portrait by Ira L. Hill.

Screen
land



¶ Claire Windsor's blonde beauty triumphs
even over the latest dictum of fashion
from Paris, the harem drape.

Portrait by Clarence S. Bull.

Screen
land



¶ Anna Q. Nilsson's stately beauty is lending pictorial charm to Cecil B. DeMille's new picture, 'Adam's Rib.'

Portrait by Donald Biddle Keyes.

Screen
land



The Most Star in

¶ A Famous Artist's
Mary Pickford, Pola
Schoolgirl as the
ty Types.

By Penrhyn

¶ "There is the loveliest creature I have ever seen!" exclaimed Elinor Glyn one night at a Hollywood ball. Director Stanlaws agreed with Madame Glyn. So Marjorie Fayre, this maid of 14, was selected by him as a perfect "American thoroughbred" type. Her screen debut is in the next Stanlaws production, *Singed Wings*.

¶ "Pola Negri stands at the head of the group portraying vibrant, magnetic appeal. Her drooping eyelids conceal hidden fires."

Paramount photograph by Keyes.

IT is not the modeling of a head or the shape of individual features alone that make beauty. Color and expression are important qualities that go to make up the *ensemble* before which we bow down and worship. These latter qualities are of such an ephemeral character that they cannot be included in a cold appraisal of face and form.

Mary Pickford is America's ideal of perfection. Her features are so good individually and as a whole that she is regarded as a perfect beauty. Illumined by an expression of spirit-

uality, which cannot be measured or compared, she is undoubtedly entitled to the distinction that has come to her.

Vibrant, magnetic physical charm motivates other beautiful faces. Pola Negri, among stars of the screen, stands at the head of this group. Her drooping eyelids conceal hidden fires. Her eyes, well formed and finely colored, are pools of emotion, containing the lurking hint of mysticism—the spell of the occult.

There is still another distinct type among film beauties. In this group we find Mary Miles Minter, Wanda

Hawley and Mae Murray. It is the Dresden china type.

It is a great pity that Mae Murray's delicate coloring is not photographable. It would greatly add to her attractive screen personality, with her exquisitely modeled nose and sensitive mouth.

WANDA HAWLEY'S fine complexion also would add to her charm if it could reach the screen. She has eyes that twinkle with merriment one moment and well up with great tears the next. She has a charming,

BEAUTIFUL the World

Reasons for Selecting
Negri and an Unknown
Screen's Leading Beau-

Stanlaws



¶ "America's Sweetheart. Her features are illumined by an expression of spirituality which cannot be measured or compared."

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.

piquant nose and blonde hair that just suits her peach-and-cream complexion.

The eyes, nose and mouth of Miss Minter are all exceptionally well modeled. All her features are much above the average and they give an effect of daintiness.

The indefinable quality of expression which makes some rather plain faces convey the impression of beauty, is an acquisition of Colleen Moore. Hers is a story-telling face. It is constantly conveying impressions; thoughts fleeting like the rapid turning of pages. Her face is never still

long enough to be really analyzed, but one feels its decided charm.

The mobility of Phyllis Haver's features and her vivacious expressions comprise her greatest charm, although her facial contour is appealing in itself.

VIOLA DANA has attractive eyes and a delightful little mouth. Her face is square but of pleasing contour. Her sister, Shirley Mason, has a face that looks as if it were chiseled by a sculptor—and a good sculptor at that. Her profile is beautifully modeled and the mouth, chin and frontal bones of



¶ "The charm of irregularity of feature is emphasized in Gloria Swanson. Her face possesses extraordinary fascination."
Paramount photo.

¶ "There is a strange charm in the wonderment of Betty Compson's eyes. Her face is artistically shaped and well modeled."
Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes.



the face delightfully proportioned. In other words, each feature *belongs* to the other.

In the upper part of Ruth Roland's face lies her greatest charm. It is expressed in a charmingly proportioned nose, intelligent and finely formed forehead and well placed eyes.

The Talmadge sisters have a just claim to beauty. Constance has eyes that are beautifully placed and finely formed, and she carries her head with real grace. Norma Talmadge has eyes quite different from those of her sister, but as well placed and formed. The contour of her face is effective.

Beautiful eyes, even with irregular features, are appealing. In the face of Bebe Daniels it is easy to select the eyes as her best feature. She also has the crowning glory of a beautiful

woman—lovely hair, soft, black, thick and luxuriant, contributing to a delightful *ensemble*.

THE charm of irregularity of feature is emphasized in such a type as Gloria Swanson, all the features making a face of extraordinary fascination. Miss Swanson also has lovely arms and neck.

Little Miss McAvoy has an exceedingly well proportioned face and a beautifully modeled head. Her eyes and mouth are particularly attractive.

The wonderful moist eyes, very fine, silky hair and sensitive eyebrows of Anita Stewart make her a woman of surpassing charm. Nazimova's eyebrows are a distinctive feature. She has a remarkable control of the muscles of the brow which enables



¶ Constance Talmadge has a just claim to beauty and she carries her head with real grace, Director Stanlaws points out. Her pose in this picture affords a curious study and an interesting comparison with the portrait of Marjorie Fayre, the fourteen-year-old Hollywood beauty.

Photograph by Melbourne Spurr.

her to express herself with her eyebrows as other people do with words.

A finely formed forehead gives Clara Kimball Young an intellectual appeal and her features are softened by nice hair. Enid Bennett also has a fine expressive forehead of the intelligent beauty type. Her eyes, though a trifle heavy, are large and well placed.

There is a strange charm in the



¶ This camera study of May McAvoy created a stir among staid London beauty lovers when it was exhibited at the London Salon of Photography in 1922. Photograph by James N. Doolittle.

wonderment of Betty Compson's eyes. Her whole face is artistically shaped and exceptionally well modeled, particularly the chin and jaw-bone. Her head is small and gracefully erect.

Something statuesque, that challenges description, is seen in the way Betty Blythe carries her head. The

most beautiful and expressive features are contained in the upper half of her face.

Claire Windsor's features by themselves lack perfection, but they are a striking example of the harmony of features. The result is a feeling of very decided beauty.

LILA LEE has lovely, expressive eyes and her nose and mouth are in harmony with them, giving her face a great appeal.

Agnes Ayres has a beautiful complexion, and although the facial bones are too prominent, her features are so beautifully modeled and arranged as



¶ "Shirley Mason has a face that looks as though it were chiseled by a sculptor. Each feature belongs to the other." *Photograph by Evans.*

to make up a face far above the average in beauty. She also possesses an appealing freshness and frankness that enhances her attractive qualities.

The American public prefers types of womanhood that express the highest culture and refinement. This preference, which always existed, is becoming more apparent in the ideals shown in paintings and in magazine and book illustrations. Bizarre types have their vogue but the "American thoroughbred" girl is at all times the favorite.

Miss Marjorie Fayre, a Hollywood school girl only fourteen years old, possesses an almost perfect Grecian profile. She has made her debut on the screen and has proven that she possesses rare photographable qualities. Watching a beautiful young girl emerge from the promise of life's springtime to the full bloom of exquisite womanhood is a fascinating privilege. As Miss Fayre unfolds her beauty and dramatic talent, playgoers will witness this unfoldment of a real flesh and blood "American thoroughbred."



¶ "It is a great pity that Mac Murray's delicate coloring is not photographable. It would add greatly to her attractive screen personality." *Metro photo.*

When is NUDITY

It Is Largely a

Alma



¶ Dolly Bealle, a Mack Sennett girl (left) shows the type of bathing suit barred by screen censors, while Viora Daniels of Christie Comedies (right) appears in a costume permitted.

MODESTY and immodesty are strictly feminine nouns. In French all nouns are either masculine or feminine. They leave no doubt. So any male who exhibits either of these traits is just plain effeminate.

But who cares a whoop about masculine modesty anyway?

The only seething, palpitating questions that rock the pulpits, stagger

the Puritans and boggle civilization are those appertaining to *feminine modesty*.

Civilization has been alarmingly imperiled about once a year since its influential inception—and *always by female clothing*. The way civilization stands up against this persistent and frightful jeopardy is most commendable. By every logical theory, it

should have fizzled back into barbarism centuries ago.

Civilization is even now recovering its equilibrium after the last shock of the short skirts. Woman, the hussy, actually showed her legs, shamelessly proclaimed to a startled masculine world that she not only had knees but didn't care who knew it.

And that wasn't all—she exposed

IMMODEST?

Matter of Tact Says—

Whitaker

her whole jolly backbone with frightful audacity just when, drat her, it would have been so much more seemly to imply that she hadn't any backbone.

No wonder the pulpits raged. No wonder civilization tottered. But, thank Heaven, dear old Paris rushed to the rescue in the nick of time. France has saved civilization a good many times, her most recent and notable achievement being at Verdun. But that service was as nothing to the noble triumph of her fashion designers who got together and banished the short skirt, shrouded female backs and generally issued the ultimatum to femininity, "Beyond this thou shalt not pass."

HURRAH for Paris! Civilization may now feel as safe as she was under the succession of the Louis in France, under Charles in England, those jolly periods when ladies wore lots of clothing, bunches of petticoats, and of which Samuel Pepys and the Count de Grammont wrote so engagingly and ingeniously that we moderns are only permitted to read the *expurgated* editions.

Oh, you can see for yourself—Modesty is exclusively a question of female covering.

Of course, we have Du Maurier's word for it that "Trilby" was so innately modest that she could stand before an art class in Paris stark naked and so blissfully unconscious that she pervaded the whole *atelier* with a sense of super-modesty. A stunt, by the way, that Paris seems unable to repeat today, where the stage is inundated with a stream of "Trilbys" posing in the altogether—which isn't having the same effect at all. If only these modest nude charmers would keep to the *ateliers* now.

All the same, drapery doesn't entirely meet the bill.

For instance, if even the most modest of modern dames—the ones who still cling to long-sleeved nightgowns and blind embroidery by night and at least two petticoats by day—elected to appear in public in these wholly decorous garments, minus a shroud of



¶ In the realm of Art, the nude or scantily draped female figure is regarded as modest as the pictures to be found in every family album.

Paramount photo.

some sort with a more godly name—her reputation would be blasted forever.

Or take that amply skirted full bathing suit, which is the furthestmost pink of propriety at the beach, and let her wear it at even a Hollywood party—unless, of course, it was properly labeled a fancy-dress affair—what would you think of the lady's morals?

In fact, there is a natty little one-piece suit that Mrs. Grundy has endorsed for beach wear for some time now, that begins late and ends quite early and permits quite an amazing amount of female territory to be exposed. Swim in it and your modesty remains intact—stroll down Broadway in it and Modesty—in the guise of a shuddering policeman—will promptly rush to the rescue of civilization.

I ONCE witnessed a ceremony in which the bride was attired solely in a bead veil across her eyes. And she was the daughter of a great chief whose modesty and standing had never been in question. But that was up-country in South Africa.

It was almost impossible to be immodest in that happy clime, because nobody but us wore any clothes. And when a stray civilized European wandered in with his nudges, his smirks, and his cultured conscience, he was regarded as a peculiarly nasty-minded, immodest person.

On one occasion, my father was called upon to uphold civilization in that country. He had hired five hundred sumptuously naked Kaffirs and wished to transport them through the new little corrugated-iron town of Branford. Branford was holding civilization and demanded that these natives be clothed in trousers and shirts before entering the town.

So they were halted at a decent distance while five hundred pairs of trousers and five hundred shirts were forthcoming from Capetown. They were duly doled out upon arrival—and those five hundred Kaffirs marched through Branford with the shirts arranged into handsome turbans and the trousers slung around their necks like shawls!

They were very thorough about

this question of modesty at my French convent. There, we girls had to take our bath in our chemises; it was scandalous to even see *ourselves* undraped. Only the most immodest amongst us

ever deceived dear *Soeur Therese* by wringing that garment out in the water as Exhibit "A" in the evidence—before taking our bath in the way usual under other forms of civilization.

So, you see, quite a good deal depends upon where one is; don't you know?

IN Japan, now, modesty is very confusing. A nice Japanese girl would not show her legs, her neck, her arms for anything—excepting only in the public bath-houses where both sexes bathe together in the nude.

The *decorum* there is above reproach—the only people who ever "get fresh" are odious Europeans who have to be expelled promptly for immodesty.

Hence, you will observe that the American Motion Pic-

ture censorship is not the only curious brand of modesty extant. But, after all, a good deal of respect is due the Motion Picture Censor. He, alone of all people, really knows where modesty begins and ends and under just what circumstances nudity is modest. He doesn't argue, you understand—really modest people could never argue upon such an immodest subject—but he knows, bless him.

History, for instance, modifies things considerably—in the movies.

When, for instance, Cecil de Mille, anxious to be wholly modest in his presentations and yet wishing to inject a modicum of cultured interest, keeps his modern females nicely within the most recent code of civilized modesty—he manages to introduce a nice little hark back to an-
cient

Rome—in just another age of tottering civilization:—and he can strip 'em with impunity. His leading lady may then disport herself solely in a row of beads and a headdress, for purely educational historical purposes—and the Censor and Civilization bear up bravely.

Then there is the question of Art to be considered—Art, the very bulwark of civilization. But Art has certain intimate affiliations with Nature and Truth. And, alas, Nature and Truth can be so very uncivilized. So it comes to pass that most of the famous art galleries of the world are filled with portrayals of ladies and gentlemen who stand forth in confident modesty minus a stitch, although once in a way concessions are made in the matter of fig-leaves.

ANY movie director, therefore, with a passionate regard for Art, Nature and Truth, is reduced to having his leading lady pose as a lovely cold marble statue—and Civilization is saved.

Even Ringling's Circus, with a proper regard for Art, Truth and Civilization, met the difficult combination by posing its beauties as nude sculpture groups, dressed solely in a little powder and a wisp of chiffon—and the whole atmosphere of the tent was elevated into one vast Arty appreciation. But if they had done their other stunts in that costume—Civilization, where would you have been?

And again, the lady who did the fearsome stunts on the trapeze—just a nice covering of skin-tight tights. No one questioned the athletic young person's modesty on the trapeze—but oh, if she essayed to play golf at the Los Angeles Country Club in those togs! Phew! Or would even the Motion Picture Censor stand for those tights on the screen—without even a cape over the shoulders or a ruffle around the waist? No, sir; modesty in the circus and modesty on the screen are two very different matters. Oh, very different.

You will have heard the cultured quidnuncs deplore that, alas, the motion picture is not Art. Well, I should say not. What you go to see in an art gallery, for your intellectual improvement's sake, for the cause of higher civilization, is entirely distinct from what you go to see in the movies for mere entertainment. Why, if those film people dared to inject that sort of Art, that sort of higher culture, that sort of civilization into picture shows—my good sirs, the Censors would have an apoplectic fit forthwith.

THE women's clubs, those strongholds of culture and civilization, are



"Woman has shamelessly proclaimed to a startled masculine world that she has knees and doesn't care who knows it."
Posed by Bessie Love.

great patrons of Art—and they also have Better Pictures Committees intent upon elevating the movies—but, dear Heaven, don't ask them to be so utterly immodest, so incredibly lost to all decency, as to endorse any efforts on the part of low-minded directors to inject Art, that Art which is the very breath of their club life—into the movies. Apollo is perfectly corking as a sculptured figure—but Herbert Rawlinson as Apollo for the benefit of the untutored masses, oh, not even historically, educationally, don't you know, could it possibly be done. Psyche, too, even taking her bath, remains in perfectly good standing in paint and canvas—but in modern vital photography, well, not even Elsie Ferguson or Lila Lee could be suffered in such a role.

But let us confine ourselves for



¶ *A director can hark back to ancient Rome and strip 'em with impunity.*
Kathryn McGuire in Sennett Comedies.

a moment to this matter of photography. There is distinct vogue for pictures in the nude of certain human beings—both male and female—usually taken at a tender age, anywhere from six months to three or four years, by which time their parents, at least, should have been properly inculcated with the modest ethics of civilization. But even a Morals Efficiency Association would hesitate to carp at these. Let these young persons but try to emulate the vogue a few years later, or even to show some person of the opposite sex the immodesty perpetuated upon them in their extreme youth in the family album—well, we should know exactly what to think of them!

I, myself, recall a hideous incident of this kind perpetrated upon myself

and a young aunt of mine only a few years older. But that meant that when she was eighteen and a modest young lady, I was only fourteen and still steeped in condoned immodesty. So when a beau of hers called and it fell to my lot to entertain him, I naturally fell back upon the family album. There we were—I a cherub of some three months, she a cherubim of about four years, and both of us reeking of Truth, Realism, Nature and undraped Barbarism. And even Art could not save the day, for my youthful auntie was obviously bowlegged

in the picture. Now that was the day of the Gibson Girl floor-sweeping skirt, so the young man could not verify any hope that auntie's legs had since successfully aspired to a more righteous longitude. Being a modest girl, she was completely barred from offering any evidence. But, you see, if that had only happened in 1922 instead of in 1896, she need never have lost him—which, alas, she did, young men being such sticklers for some forms of Art—and I need not necessarily have been nagged by the whole family for months after as a most inherently immodest child! Or if my parents had only exercised their own inherent modesty while I was yet too young to influence their

(Continued on Page 72)

¶ How popular film stars guard

Enid Bennett, for instance, can be reached by calling the Fred Niblo home in Beverly Hills. The wise ones know that Mrs. Allen Holubar is Dorothy Phillips. But, even with the number discovered, the caller must first explain his identity and business to the maid who answers the phone. And long experience has generally taught these maids to recognize an intruder by the very way he says "hello."

Sometimes the tradesman has a bright idea. He will put something over on Central. He calls Information and casually asks the telephone number of the house on the corner of Yucca and Wilcox. He believes the name is Swanson. Information retires into herself and returns to report frigidly that if the inquirer is referring to Miss Gloria Swanson the number is a private line and cannot be given out. And did he think he was getting away with something, or what?

RECENTLY the theatrical section of a morning paper announced that Viola Dana was confined to her home with a slight illness. Ten o'clock brought a messenger to the Metro studio with a package for Miss Dana. No, he would not leave it at the studio. He must have Miss Dana's address, that he might put it into her own hands. Those were his instructions and he would not break them. Just then Miss Dana, in person and apparently in her usual exuberant health, emerged from the studio. Consternation on the part of the boy. The box contained—nothing. An insurance salesman, thinking her reported illness brought out the psychological moment to sell her some insurance, had framed the stunt to discover her home address.

THE reason is obvious. With their addresses public property, the little

Tradespeople, as well as fans, are covetous of the phone numbers of the stars. The highly paid actors and actresses are generous spenders, and a complete list of their addresses is worth money to the photographer or the automobile salesman or the shop people generally. Many and ingenious are the devices resorted to by these people to secure the desired information.

Hollywood

By
Eunice Marshall

the privacy of their homes.

*Decoration by
Everett Wynn*



The fan magazines are daily besieged by both fans and tradespeople for these addresses, but as the addresses are given the editors in confidence, the magazines are as reticent as the studios themselves about them.

Wally Reid is one of the greatest believers in secrecy regarding home addresses of the stars. Hollywood still giggles over the story of the stage-struck girl who ran away from home to see Wally. Mrs. Reid found the girl sitting on the doorstep, determined not to move a step until she saw Wally. Mrs. Reid, being a good sportswoman, and having had experience with her husband's adorers before, took the girl in and invited her to dinner. Even then the girl refused to go home, and finally Mrs. Reid had to invoke the aid of the Y. W. C. A. to persuade her to leave.

THE good old newspaper ruse is a favorite one, too. One day the fan who yearns to view the film star in his native haunts has a truly bright and original idea, an inspiration apparently heaven sent. He will be a reporter, by heck! Then, even the most supercilious publicity man cannot

gainsay his request for one little phone number.

But fans do not look like reporters—much. And where phone numbers are concerned, *all* publicity men are native sons of the "Show Me" State. So unless the fan can produce evidence of some connection with a publication, he doesn't even get by the gateman.

As a matter of cold fact, many an honest-to-goodness reporter cannot get the phone numbers. If you are "in right" with the publicity office, or if you have something on the casting director, then—maybe—you glean an address here and another there. Phone numbers are decidedly "inside stuff" and you have to have the password to get them.

But the elegant cutglass pajamas go to the Los Angeles automobile salesman for his simple solution of the problem. He merely waits in his automobile in front of the studio until the star he wants gets out. Then he follows him home. That is, he does, always supposing that the star goes home. Sometimes he uses a lot of gas before the star finally slams the garage door of his palatial estate in Beverly Hills.

ONE night, as the subtitles say, the particular star the salesman was trailing went on a party. Our Old Sleuth had to make the asphalt smoke to keep up with the party, to say nothing of waiting in the cold before several beach cafes while the star and his friends danced and dined. (The salesman hadn't anticipated an evening of it and was financially unprepared to face the robber barons of the beach hostilities.) But he was game and stuck it out. And the next week, when he sold the star a special-built machine, he added on the cost of the gas to his price.

The fortunate tradesman, who by hook or crook achieves a list of stars' phone numbers, often "swaps" names with other tradesmen. At first, they all want Mary Pickford's number and think they have made a neat bargain when they have exchanged two or three lesser lights for it. They continue to think so until they try to sell Mary something. Our Mary is a shrewd business woman. She says that she works too hard for her money to throw it away.

The new star is by far the best prospect. Elated by sudden success and by an

(Continued on Page 72)

"Bad" Films Prove PEOPLE ARE "Good!"

¶ In thousands of cases of "drama-erotica" psychologists make the astounding discovery that sensational melodrama is a moral safety-valve.

Illustrated by Everett Wynn

¶ "A girl of irreproachable character and refinement was cured of melancholia resulting from strange, terrible dreams when she followed her doctor's advice and attended 'a movie a day'."



IN a Western city there lives a girl, irreproachable in character and refinement, the product of a well-behaved family. She is absolutely ignorant of the ways of the world. This girl had been troubled by strange, terrible dreams. They persisted to such a degree that she became a victim of melancholia and was so affected in health and spirits that the family physician was called in to diagnose her affliction.

After hearing the case, the first question the doctor asked was:

"Do you go to the movies?"

The girl replied, disdainfully, that she seldom attended them.

The doctor realized that her case was common to thousands of other souls—quiet folks, for the most part—maiden aunts, ribbon clerks, pious stay-at-homes and professional people whose natural growth had been repressed in the monotony of their callings. So he prescribed picture shows—a film a day. The more sensational the film, the better, he told her.

The young lady followed the physician's advice, and in her quest for melodramas of the most lurid character, frequently attended small theaters in a quarter of the town where her family and associates seldom visited.

In less than two weeks the terrible dreams ceased. The girl's thoughts, unmercifully cramped by the impositions of a highly organized society, found freedom in "wild" movies.

"I have to go unknown to my friends. I do not know what they

would say if they knew. It seems horrible, doctor, but today I saw the most objectionable film, and I actually enjoyed it!" she confessed.

THIS point in psychic expansion warned the doctor that the belabored mind was cured but on the verge of another immoderation—*drama erotica*, as it has been named. So he warned her to stay away from the theaters of the low type and patronize the better class of plays, and these less frequently. His advice was followed and his patient became normal.

SCIENCE makes the astounding assertion that sensational melodrama is civilization's pressure gauge. We should be thankful, say psychoanalysts who have studied the phenomena, that movies rich in emotional stimulation serve as a *wholesale relief to the unnatural bent of modern living*.

Among the thousands of persons who fill picture theaters, these scientists have discovered a strange new social malady—*drama erotica*—a dream state wherein wistful folk who lead drab lives find wholesome channels for longings and imaginings, in daring rescues, fighting scenes, romance, bloodshed and adventure.

What would we do if our imaginations were limited and repressed? What *would* we do? We would fall in line with drug and alcohol addicts,

say the learned students of this new screen madness, as a sort of merciful escape from the cruel hedgings of social convention.

Sensational films liberate the psychic urge of the average individual in the same degree that do unsteady dreams. Unsteady dreams, psychologists explain, give the essential expansion to neurotic temperaments. Such dreams lack the vital force of the kind that persist with unwavering intensity. The latter kind reflect a part in the actual wakeful moments of the subject. For in them there is always action and this action manifests itself in the so-called instinctive show of tenderness, kisses, malice or hatred—whatever emotion is dominant in subconscious thought.

Screen melodrama provides the adult with the same lawful outlet for unsatisfied longings as children pass through when they play pirates, dress as Indians and tie wooden guns to their belts and make believe they are outlaws. The law-abiding citizen experiences, vicariously, the thrilling life he sees depicted on the silver sheet—and goes away satisfied. In the case of the girl who followed the "film a day" cure, had she not found relief on the screen, she might have been actually forced to try an *adventurous route of her own*.

The world no longer scoffs at the researches of specialists along such lines. Startling facts are brought to light with logical reasons for their being.



¶ "Moral unfortunates flock to see wholesome pictures. Packed audiences from saloons and dance halls attended a 'mother picture' shown at an Alaskan mining camp."

"Show Me the Telephone and I Can Tell You the Whole Story"

Another case is told by a psychoanalyst about a prosperous lawyer who sought his services, wishing to be freed from the habit of reading "trashy" literature. The specialist advised him to indulge in the reading of romance and adventure to his heart's content—that such reading was the necessary mental relaxation which his legal-bound mind demanded!

WHEN *drama erotica* shows a tendency toward sex films, which are the usual sort to attract unsophisticated girls, quiet matrons and staid maiden ladies, the specialists advise against over-indulgence and attempt to focus the patient's interest in other emotion-arousing relaxation. A woman who "disappeared" at regular intervals from her home to attend a cheap serial in a downtown theater, of which she enjoyed every detail, was miserable in her embarrassment when her family apprehended her weakness. In this case, the attending specialist prescribed a hobby. The woman then became an enthusiastic "fan" of automobile races and found therein a "safety valve."

People go to "bad" films because it is "good" for them. Violent happenings on celluloid hold their imagination within legitimate bounds. A bookkeeper wants to see cowboys with smoking six-shooters. Laborers, lumberjacks, stevedores get their "balance" from picturization of ultra-society circles and business deals involving mental agility to follow. "Highbrow" audiences enjoy comedy "gags." Married people and the aged enjoy heart-stuff which in real life they scorn. The cowboy may sneer at western pictures as "horse opera" but his pent-up inhibitions will respond to erotic society drama. And the so-called "wise" element among playgoers—the stratum of unfortunates whose moral fiber is mere tatters—flocks to see the *wholesome story*! A tiny once-a-week theater in an Alaska camp drew packed audiences from the saloons and dance-halls when a "mother picture" was shown. The habitués of the resort demanded to see the film again the next week.

SO, through the revelations of modern investigators in the vast field of psychological study, critical judgment of the moral effect of a motion picture is given new consideration. It is apparent that it is unjust to condemn abnormal screen entertainment as a destructive force. Within moral lim-

Challenges Harry Carr in his next piercing article in

SCREENLAND for March

The Big Burlesque Number

Out February First

If the heroine's boudoir telephone is masked with an Adonis statue, her husband is going to deceive her. This is one of the signs that never fail. There are scores of other strange quirks of ape-directors that you will recognize. Don't miss

Screenland for March



itations, lurid melodrama has its useful task to perform in the whirlpool of modern civilization. After all, why should we be so surprised at the above revelations?

NATURE has an amazing way of "compensating," as the psychoanalysts say. And when the last dreadful sermon against human nature has been hurled from the pulpit and the last William Jennings Bryan has died of apoplexy in an attempt to reform the human race, it will be found that the graphic chart of human nature for the last two or three million years has shown such a slight deviation that the God-of-things-as-they-are will probably consider it a straight line, instead of the wildly waving one that the moralists believe it is.

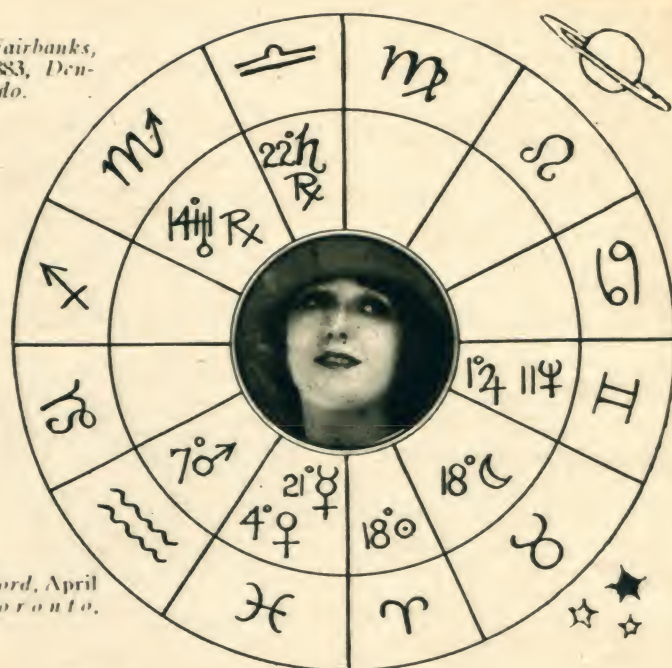
HARKING back to the beloved mid-Victorian times, for which our immediate ancestors sigh so sonorously—the days of germ-carrying skirts and germ-laden minds. Prim Mrs. Perkins, wife of the Baptist deacon, stole out a dime from the ginger jar and bought a Bertha M. Clay novel regularly once a week, or bribed the hired girl to do it for her—or, if she were the very primmest, properest Mrs. Perkins, she stole the

hired girl's brazen yellow novel on the hired girl's Thursday off. Then she retired to her bedroom, locked the door and reveled. She became the betrayed heroine, glorying in her betrayal and rather sorry for the necessity of condemning the villain who betrayed her; her prim lips pursed themselves over the immortal Bertha's ecstatic descriptions of ten-minute kisses. The deacon had a hard time measuring up when he came back from prayer-meeting. The daughter of the mid-Victorian sinner in saint's clothing read Robert W. Chambers just as avidly, just as secretly, just as sinfully—if vicarious dissipation be sin—and came out of her locked privacy feeling as if the world were not such a bad place after all. There would always be more novels by Robert W. Chambers to intrigue her imagination and make up for John's uninspired love-making, limited to a shame-faced peck on the lips or cheek. Oh, blessed Bertha M. Clay, Charlotte M. Breame, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Laura Jean Libby! How many women's lives have you made less drab! And in the moralist's code, how many sins you have to answer for, in making vicarious sinners out of apparent prudes!

THE Laura Jean Libby devotees in the more democratic strata of social life were paralleled and beaten at their own game by the more Epicurean mental dissipators in highbrow circles. How many intellectuals have gotten a supreme kick out of Schnitzler's masterpiece of subtle sensuousness—"The Affairs of Anatol"—out of Theophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin"—out of Shakespeare's passion and exquisite descriptions of the mating of Venus and Adonis!

So let's don't hurl ourselves like a ton of bricks at the movies and give them the distinction of having created a brand-new form of dissipation. The movies are mild compared to the real offenders—or benefactors. The form of appeal has been changed; the purpose and the necessity and the immortality of the appeal are the same yesterday, today and forever.

So it is mighty nice of the psychoanalysts to come along and pat us on the backs with the assurance that we are just natural after all when we thrill at the final kiss, which we have waited five reels to enjoy. Of course we would go right along enjoying it anyway, but it is nice to be understood at last.



Is WIDOWHOOD the Sad Destiny of MARY PICKFORD?

☿ *A stormy career, checkered by abrupt changes is forecast by the stars for Doug, while Mary's horoscope predicts her return to single blessedness.*

By Junior Trismagistus
Decorations by Sutton Wood

IF the most famous pair of wedded screen stars had consulted the celestial stars, it is possible that they might have made much less trouble and fame for the supreme court of Nevada. For all the signs point to the conclusion that Mary Pickford should not have married Douglas Fairbanks; that their connubial life will be a stormy one; that they will never celebrate a golden wedding anniversary together, and that they are not mated generally. But it is doubtful if Mary and Doug would have let a little thing like destiny stand in the way. What is that about "better Paris for a day than a cycle in Cathay," or something remotely like that?

Everything hangs on the lamentable fact that they were simply born

at the wrong time, as far as being mates for each other are concerned. Douglas Fairbanks was born May 23. He should mate with a lady born between November 21 and December 21, September 21 and October 21, or between January 21 and February 19. Mary's horoscope plainly shows that she will try to find her mate in at least two more husbands. Here's a tip to Mary. Since she was born April 8, she should choose her husbands from gentlemen born between September 21 and October 21, July 21 and August 22, or November 21 and December 21.

Both Doug and Mary are scheduled for large doses of trouble. Mary will get hers in the winter of 1922-23, and be nicely over it by the win-

ter of 1924. Extravagance plays a large part in the presaged disaster. Clear up to early April of 1924, while Jupiter is in conjunction with Uranus, and Saturn in opposition to the sun, conditions are evil for health, business, money and friendship, including the home. It is not a good period to speculate or venture, and may denote illness to relatives or dear friends—Doug himself may suffer.

BUT let's hope Mary is all pepped up to be a good helpmate when 1930, Doug's jinx year, comes along. For the hero who has burrowed his way through more adobe walls, wrenched apart more steel bars, bested more burly jailers, and scaled more lofty dungeons than any other man on the



screen, is fated by the stars to experience the real thing—imprisonment. But by 1930 Doug ought to be a most proficient escaper and Mars may have lost his kick; for it will be Mars in conjunction with Saturn that will give rise to the handcuffs and irons. Doug has brought over a regular ball-and-chain Karma from his past. Wherever he goes he has it dragging on behind, hampering and impeding, binding, restricting his liberty of spirit and body, and exacting a toll of sickness, death of relatives, troubles in money and business, and misfortunes in matrimony.

Karma is hot on the trail of Mary. A past life in which America's sweetheart did not always come in when her mother told her to, and in which she perhaps loved not wisely but too well, is responsible for her domestic tribulations in the present incarnation—not Owen Moore or anyone else.

At that, Mary's soul is not a new one. It has lived several cycles and has thus achieved a higher degree of perfection due to Venus in trine to Uranus and the moon aspecting Mercury and Uranus. This ought to be quite a comfort to Doug, whose soul is quite new, for it gives his soul the opportunity to go to school to her more edified soul.

DOUG'S chief talent is for physical activity. The moon polarized in Sagittarius shows that Doug's father was an anxious, excited and hurried type of mind, which produced a condition of great mental and physical

activity in the child. Acting is Mary's predominant talent; in nothing else would she rise so high, while Doug's horoscope shows that he could have made a great success as a writer, an orator or in numerous other lines.

To neither Mary nor Doug are the stars kind in the matter of forecasting children. The stars proclaim Mary as moderately fond of children, but there is little prospect of a family. Scorpio being in the fifth house, provides the sting, and Uranus in the same location is adverse to offspring, like many terrestrial landlords.

ASTROLOGY sets Mary down as sociable, impulsive, impetuous, with good reasoning faculty and ability to judge. Her impetuosity is liable to lead her into mistakes, both in the world of business and of affection, and discretion should be her watchword.

Doug, on the other hand, is restless, apparently fickle, loves art, has inventive faculties and ability in mathematics. It is at last revealed why Douglas is the supreme acrobat of the screen. It is his planets in airy signs that do it. They make him fond of the trapeze, of hanging by his toes, of leaping across broad chasms, of riding in vehicles that raise him high above the ground, of dancing and of skipping lightly from tree to tree.

Although no philosopher, Mary's horoscope shows her to be a fine

mixer, an excellent mimic, generous, good-natured, affectionate, versatile, adaptable, not given to fits of "temperament," tactful, and endowed with good taste. A home is the natural place for Mary, if she keeps her work up also; but Doug would have made a good pirate. Strength, daring and adventuresome qualities combine with his gymnastic talents to fit him for a bold life upon the high seas, with a hogshead of rum in the cabin and the skull and crossbones on the mast. Mars in Aries is in a very forceful sign and gives a touch of revengefulness to his nature, while being in conjunction with a fixed star, Mars gives danger of accidents to the head. This might be safe enough for one of filmdom's dumb-bells, but for a man of Doug's brilliant intellect for business and professional life, it would be a calamity.

Mary, too, should watch out for accidents, for she will suffer from injuries to the head, and the position of Mars will give danger to her ankles and feet. The sun in conjunction with a fixed star foretells danger of accident to the lower limbs and head. The moon in the throat sign Taurus gives her a susceptible throat, while Aries gives

¶ Doug would have made a good pirate. His chart hints at an ocean voyage in 1923-24, a change of occupation and possible imprisonment. But prospects for a long life are charitably added by the stars.



pains in
the head and eyes.

The stars foretell illness
for her during this winter and
early spring.

HARKING back to matrimony for Doug and Mary, since that is what we are most interested in, it is the affliction of the sun by Saturn that causes Mary her connubial woe. That dark-browed son of misery stood in opposition to any and all husbands on the day she was born. Saturn is a slow worker, but his technique is finished. He completes his orbit in thirty years. The year that Mary is thirty, Saturn will once again take up his residence in the sign of the scales, dead against the planet that stands for her husband. This is going to be a hard year for Mary.

If you laid little Miss Pickford's troubles in Reno to other causes, you were wrong. It was Saturn and Uranus in western signs that caused all the fuss. Even the judge wasn't

to blame. If those chilly-eyed stars-of-destiny had stayed east of the Rockies all would have been well. But they are looking ominous right now. Hollywood is no place for Mary to keep a permanent residence. Hollywood admirers may complain about this, but they'll have to take it up with the heavens. Mary should live in the east or middle west if she wants to keep peace with the zodiac. Two unfortunate planets are in Southern California signs. Like Mary's, Doug's horoscope indicates only fair success for endeavors in the west, as most of his planets are in eastern signs.

DOUG is equally fated to matrimonial difficulties, for, being born May 23, he is under the double-bodied sign of Gemini, symbol of a

dual nature and matrimonial difficulties. Doug is a Gemini person, and the early years are trying for his kind. Doug's horoscope is good for money, but the latter half of his life will show the most success. Every tenth year of his life he can expect important changes, either for good or ill. The moon in trine with Mars gives him many sudden and unexpected gains.

Mary and Doug both have spiritual and intuitive power, though the indications are that Mary will always make more use of her power than Doug. With Mary, Saturn in Libra is responsible. Saturn in



¶ *Mary's horoscope holds out a promise of declining years spent in more peace than she found trying to catch step with temperamental husbands.*

Taurus gives Doug intuitional powers, insight and psychic talents. If he used them he could avoid nuptial disturbances.

THE Fairbanks chart portends a pretty long life, but the sun afflicted by Jupiter weakens the heart, and the moon in Gemini affects the circulation and blood. His eyes and stomach will not always give him the best of service either. For Doug, the years 1933 and 1934 will be most

favorable and productive of great changes. Ocean voyages will result, and he will take up a new line of work. It will be a period also of total alterations in his beliefs and consciousness. Can it be that Douglas, like another noted public man, will renounce the vanities of this our world and hie himself to some Alpine monastery? It makes a pretty speculation, and carries out the need of his chart for a proper balance between the mental and the physical. It would be no unhappy ending,

spending half the time on his knees for the edification of his soul, and the other half furnishing recreation to the monks by doing handsprings over the Jungfrau and cartwheels over the Matterhorn.

Mary's horoscope also holds out the promise of long life and unlimited success, though if the signs are read correctly she will probably be spending the declining years in a state of single blessedness, in more peace than she found in trying to keep step with temperamental husbands.

The PICTURE of the Month



THIS is dedicated to the discriminating few who care much for literature and little for motion pictures. It will be a matter of interest to this minority to note how faithfully a novel has been transferred to the silver-sheet.

The Beautiful & DAMNED

—Warner Bros. Production



DANGER, SLOW DOWN! the sign-post read. But Gloria, little spoiled butterfly that she is, and her gay young husband, Tony, cannot read the warning. From the moment that the two marry, secure in the pathetic but glorious delusion that two can live on an income not sufficient for one, they rush on in their mad search for pleasure. Tony's budding attempts at ambition are hampered by his young wife's longing for excitement, until he, too, loses all desire for work. Then Fate, sensing the crash that must come, pulls them up short. Comes poverty that brings out the hidden

strength in the frivolous wife and the latent weakness in the husband. Then . . . regeneration.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's story, *The Beautiful and Damned*, has been adhered to faithfully in the Warner Bros. screen version. Necessarily lacking the witty cynicisms of Fitzgerald's brilliant style, yet the picture sweeps on to a triumphant climax.

Marie Prevost as Gloria does by far the best work of her career. She is Gloria, pretty, petted, apparently thoroughly—though adorably—selfish. Her transformation from a plaything to a real woman, under the sting of

poverty and grief, must surprise those critics who have seen little trace of dramatic ability in the light comedies in which she has been wasted heretofore.

Kenneth Harlan's work as Anthony Patch is highly commendable. The heir apparent to the great wealth of an aged grandfather, he is convincing at all times. He acts as probably we would under the same circumstances. Not heroic. Just human. Tully Marshall as the grandfather is excellent. Others deserving of praise are Louise Fazenda, the village vampire and Harry Myers, as the impecunious young novelist.

Little HINTS for PLAYGOERS



KICK IN—Paramount

YOU would never imagine so many thrilling things could happen to one man until you see Bert Lytell in these action-crowded reels. Lytell is movieland's perfect crook and in *Kick In* he has a perfect crook role. Betty Compson is the district attorney's daughter whom the crook loves, and Onida Bergere, who adapted the stage piece for her husband, Director George Fitzmaurice, preserved all the "kick" of the George Cohan anti-climaxes. This is a melodrama that will make you grip your neighbor's coat sleeve, because it is one of the month's best movies.

EAST IS WEST—Associated First National

CCHARMING Constance, with an elfish sprightliness never truly Oriental but always alluring, is at her best in this ocular operetta. The pictorial effects and quaint costumes are a delight to the eye and the action is spirited. By far the best thing Constance has given her public in years.



THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN
—Hodkinson

ICHABOD CRANE steps straight from the pages of our old *Fifth Reader* onto the screen. Will Rogers, as Ichabod, is a homely, lovable character whose subtle humor and quaint pathos will not be appreciated by the flappers. The atmosphere of *Sleepy Hollow* and the little town of Tarrytown has been conveyed to the silver-sheet successfully—perhaps because the picture was filmed in the original setting in York State and the old tale has been done with a sympathetic touch that should be welcomed after a cycle of boudoir brochures and Roman revels.



THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH—Fox Special

WHY hire expensive scenario-writers when the attic is full of old classics? William Fox dusted off his Longfellow and turned out six reels of sentimentality that has doubtless made the poor bard turn in his grave. In spite of its un-Shakespearean version, *The Village Blacksmith* is quite a good picture, with a really excellent cast.

THE TOWN THAT FORGOT GOD—Fox Special

THE worst storm since the year of the big wind hits this iniquitous village. The story centers around the cruel treatment of an adopted boy and brings extra hankies into full play. Not worth standing in line to see.



THIRTY DAYS—Paramount

THIS is a "can't happen" comedy, that ventures timorously toward broad farce but hesitates, flounders, flops and expires. The plot is about as intriguing as the first-grade speller. Even the flappers, bless their empty little pates, will go away unsatisfied. But the subtitles are worth reading. If you enjoy reading, see *Thirty Days*.



A DAUGHTER OF LUXURY—Paramount

A GOOD ENOUGH movie. Agnes Ayres appears in the screen version of that snappy stage comedy, *The Imposter*. It has been sifted through a scenario department and still retains some of its smiles. The star is surrounded by several strange faces whom fans have not yet catalogued. As a whole, the picture can be rated as pastime rather than entertainment.

SINGED WINGS—Paramount

¶A screen fairy tale has been woven from the modern cloth of present-day San Francisco, with Bebe Daniels and Conrad Nagel in the principal roles—and who doesn't enjoy fairy tales? Love of them has lingered in every grown-up since the day when Santa Claus left a copy of Hans Andersen.

Being a Penrhyn Stanlaws production, artistic treatment is apparent in many scenes, but a slightly vague and disjointed assembling of the story occasionally jars one from pleasant reverie. A picture that is out of the ordinary and a few steps above the level of "just movie."



AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE
—Harry Garson Production

¶THE fragrance of mignonette and old, musty valentines is found in this film version of the beloved James Whitcomb Riley poem. The unfortunate introduction of a bogus oil well that suddenly becomes valuable detracts from the romantic flavor of the picture, to some degree. Elliott Dexter as the hero and Helen Jerome Eddy as The Old Sweetheart give performances that approach the ideal in screen portrayal. The old folks will love this memorial of the days when Romance was young.



ONE EXCITING NIGHT—Griffith

¶MYSTERIOUS murders at midnight, smothered screams, groping white arms in the darkness, all combine to make One Exciting Night live up to its title. Except for the Big Thrill, in this case a superb storm scene, the picture bears no mark of Griffith's personality. Excellent work by a well-chosen cast, headed by Carol Dempster and Henry Hull, manage to put the picture across with a bang, in spite of incongruous situations and mediocre subtitles. Porter Strong offers welcome comedy relief as Romeo, the young negro lover.

THE QUEEN OF THE
MOULIN ROUGE
—Pyramid

¶A VAPID story of Montmartre life, starring Martha Mansfield. Miss Mansfield is edifying on magazine covers, but fails to register when dramatic interpretation is called for. An excellent insomnia remedy.

BB TIDE—Paramount


ANOTHER South Seas romance. It is a safe investment for any playgoer who is on the market for an evening's entertainment, but it leaves much to be desired as a screen classic. The vivid, pulse-stirring qualities of Robert Louis Stevenson's tale are borne by the excellent acting of a splendid cast. The settings and treatment are conventional. The story deserved to be better produced.


BROWN OF THE NORTH—First National

THE sang froid of Wally Reid and the fire of Valentino are evidenced in this picture by the wonder-dog, Strongheart. Several human actors might study his technique with profit. A slight thread of a story involving numerous humans and lots of Alaskan scenery provide merely a background for Strongheart's intelligence.

THE HOTTENTOT—Ince-Associated First National

A snappy little number including some good comedy situations and the most thrilling steeplechase race scenes ever filmed. The comedy occasionally is forced by unnecessary titles but with *The Hottentot* to give it speed and dash the picture moves in swift tempo to the final scenes of the big race. There are many situations that will draw your chuckles. Douglas MacLean portrays with true pantomimic skill for comedy the serious-minded young hero who is afraid of horses, while the dainty grace of Madge Bellamy adds ornamentation.



¶ When this gentleman gets through chopping to bits old worn-out films, there will be little danger of them again descending on an unsuspecting public in the form of warmed-over movies.

¶ If you have ever paid out your good theatre that you were looking at an old know why—

The Movies

¶ A Continuation of SCREENLAND'S



THE coatless gentleman with poised hatchet in the accompanying photograph is doing a noble service to the motion picture industry. He is operating on old, worn-out films that have been returned to the laboratory, exercising pre-natal influence on possible monkey gland movies, so to speak. When he gets through chopping to bits the canned drama you see surrounding him, there will be little danger of those films descending upon an unsuspecting public in the form of warmed-over movies.

So long as old films can be purchased for a few dollars, unscrupulous dealers will re-hash them, insert a few new titles, play up any personality who may have acquired a box-office value, even though he may have been only "atmosphere" in the picture, and make a big profit at the ex-

pense of the confidence of the public in motion pictures.

Rodolph Valentino has suffered perhaps more than any other actor from these warmed-over films. For several years Valentino had hard sledding in the picture game. He considered himself fortunate to get small bits in inferior pictures. Now that his name alone will bring out the S. R. O. sign at any theatre, all his early indiscretions are being dusted off and billed as new pictures, starring him.

How exhibitors do not seem to mind betraying their patrons' confidence is

shown in the advertisement of a Los Angeles theatre, reproduced on this page, advertising *Uncharted Seas*, a Metro production. Alice Lake starred in this picture. Valentino had a good part, that of the third point of the eternal triangle, but he was *not* the leading character. The exhibitor, however, featured Valentino's name in bold letters, mentioning the star only casually in inconspicuous type in the body of the ad.

ANOTHER instance:

In the illustration of the advertisement of *The Isle Of Love*, you will see the names of Julian Eltinge and Rodolph Valentino in lettering of the same size. You will probably not notice the statement that the picture is "revised from *An Enchantress*, the type is so small. From the posters



¶ An example of how exhibitors cash in on the popularity of new stars. In this picture, Valentino only had a minor part. Alice Lake starred.

money, only to discover in the darkened film "warmed over," you will want to

GET the Ax

Expose of Monkey-Gland Movies

By L. B. Fowler

you would conclude that Rudie was the main squeeze. As a matter of cold fact, he does very little. He appears in a few dancing scenes, that is all.

The Rogue's Romance was probably the most flagrant example of monkey-gland movies that antagonize a none-too-trusting public. The posters show a page of shots from this Earle Williams' picture, all featuring Valentino. Occasionally, they allow Williams, the star, a circle insert in one corner of the bills. You will notice that all the scenes are dancing scenes. There's a reason, as you discovered if you paid out your good money to see a Valentino film.

VALENTINO does a small "bit," an Apache dance. It was a good dance, but not long enough to bolster up the Valentino billing. So they cut in a repetition of the dance; they have Williams seem to like the dance so much that he asks Rudie to do it again. They had to prolong his action some



¶ The real star of *A Rogue's Romance* doesn't get much mention in this Vitagraph re-issue poster. Valentino, who appears in only a few flashes, gets the advertising.

way, else he would have appeared only in a few short flashes.

A trade journal for exhibitors, recently printed a review of *A Rogue's Romance*. The reviewer, who doesn't express his thought in actual words, for obvious practical reasons, permits you to read between the lines:

"Taking advantage of Rodolph Valentino's phenomenal rise to fame, Vitagraph is reviving this production of other days and in billing the picture is giving 'The Perfect Lover' equal prominence with the star, Earl Williams. This is all well and good and



¶ The debonaire Wally Reid of a decade ago and Lillian Gish in *Enoch Arden*, recently re-issued under the title of "The Fatal Marriage." Did you pay your money to see it?

fine business practice, but Williams is the boy who does the work"

Williams is the boy who does the work. He dominates every scene. His name alone should have been displayed on the bill-boards. To advertise Valentino's name as large as that of the star is misrepresentation. It is FOOLING the playgoer. It is an insult to the fan. The man who writes the review says so between the lines.

Why do producers and distributors play upon the good nature of the public, upon whom they depend for their bread and butter? They are cutting their own throats by doing so.



¶ Valentino is only "atmosphere" in this Julian Eltinge picture, but he is co-starred in the billing of the revived film.

A WOMAN patron who sat through two performances of *A Delicious Little Devil* didn't do it because she liked the picture. She thought she had missed Rudie somewhere coming in. Because Valentino's name had been billed as big as Mae Murray's, the real star, she had guilelessly expected to see him have a real part. The exhibitor probably wouldn't have mentioned Mae at all if she hadn't threatened legal action if she wasn't given proper credit. The woman went out, solemnly swearing she would never patronize that play-house again. "They stole my money," she said.

Perhaps you have read the recent billing of (Continued on page 75)



¶ Lillian Gish in *An Indian's Loyalty*. One of a series of early Griffith productions to be revived.



¶ Pertinent and impertinent paragraphs about your favorite stars, straight from the Boulevard to you.

¶ Ralph Graves is bringing home books on The Care and Training of Infants, so 'tis said by those who declare that the stork is hovering over the Graves household. Mr. and Mrs. Graves are here shown in the grounds of their Hollywood home.

No Telephone Needed.

TELEPHONE connections between Hollywood and Culver City are so poor that lady-like voices are of little avail in phoning. The other day Bob McIntyre, casting director at Goldwyn's, was shrieking into the receiver.

"My God," said Marshall Neilan, when bits of plaster began to drop from the ceiling, "with a voice like that, that man doesn't need a telephone."

Pola and Gloria and the Studio Cats.

POLA NEGRI does not like cats. She is afraid of them. The Lasky studio is over-run with pussies of all colors, ages and sexes. So Pola, who knows well what is due a star, simply announced that she would work no more until the cats were killed.

"Ze cats, zay must go!" declared Pola with her most dramatic gesture. "Eet is zay or I!"

The outlook was dark for the pus-

sies, until Gloria Swanson stamped her dainty 4½ AAA and announced that the cats were under her protection and that not so much as a whisker of the tiniest kitten should be harmed.

Pola is still working and the cats are still alive.

Conway Tearle Dons Shiek's Robes.

CONWAY TEARLE is the latest recruit to the ranks of the shieks. He plays the part of a lord of the desert in *Bella Donna*. But can any little girl present tell us the rest of the story? Quite right, he isn't all Arab. Just enough so as to enable him to wear one of those swishy robes while he goes shieking into the desert. He appears in immaculate riding pants in the last reel, it is said, quite according to Hull.

Bull Has Artistic Overcoat.

BULL MONTANA'S overcoat is the sensation of Hollywood. It has the combined artistic qualities of

grandma's patch-work quilt, the settings used in *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* and a fireman's red undershirt. It is further stated he contemplates using live pigeons as buttons.

But when the proud Bull first displayed it in Armstrong's, Spike Robinson, his "buddy," remarked: "Now I know what happened to Tom Mix's old horse-blanket."

Whole Town Helps Viola.

THE whole town of Visalia recently turned out to help Viola Dana put on a mob scene in her new picture, *Noise in Newboro*. The mayor called a half holiday and all the farmers 'round about hitched up Dobbin and cranked up Lizzie and came to town to act in the movies. The manager of the Idle Hour playhouse in Visalia has already booked the picture and is sure of packing 'em in on one film, anyway.

Will Goldwyn Get Valentino?

WILL Valentino do *Ben Hur* for Goldwyn? Rumors seeping out from

Hollywood



Star Deserts Screen.

BRYANT WASHBURN and his pretty little wife, Mabel Washburn, have deserted the film colony to do a turn in vaudeville. They are taking a very clever little skit around the Orpheum circuit, while the little Washburns are staying with a doting grandmother.

Marie Accepts Kenneth's Ring.

MARIE PREVOST has gone and done it. After denying it all this time, too! We might have known that when she protested so hotly against rumors of an engagement with Ken-

neth Harlan, there must have been at least an understanding between them. That's etiquette in Hollywood. You always deny your engagements and marriages until they prove them on you. Then you say, oh how happy you are! Now Marie is being deliciously happy over her engagement to Kenneth.

Agnes Steps on Gas.

WITH Wally Reid temporarily, at least, *hors du combat* with Klieg eyes, etc., Agnes Ayres is carrying on with the racing pictures in which Wally's soul delighted. In her newest picture she will have to do 105 miles an hour in her Deussenberg racer, in competition with real racing drivers. The racing scenes will be shot out in the Mojave desert, where Agnes will have lots of room if she starts to skid.

Jazbo Has Temperament, Too.

WE do hope the camera caught this one. When Max Linder, in filming his *The Three Must-Get-Theirs* parody

Lew Cody to Play "Rupert."

REX INGRAM'S *Prisoner of Zenda* went over so big with the fans, if not with the critics, that Myron Selznick felt an inspiration coming on and went out and bought the screen rights to the sequel of the Zenda story, *Rupert of Hentzau*. And thanks be, he secured no other than Lew Cody to play the part of the fascinating scoundrel, *Rupert*. Ramon Navarro, who was *Rupert* in the Ingram picture, made him out a fop, merely a ladies' man. The real *Rupert* was a man as well as a villain. Bert Lytell will be *Rudolph Rassendyll* and Victor Heerman will direct.

Old Plot Bobs Up Again.

ENID BENNETT, who appeared so charmingly as *Maid Marian* in *Robin Hood*, will have the feminine lead in *Your Friend and Mine*, from the Willard Mack story. She will play the part—that dear, familiar old part—of the neglected wife of the successful business man who thinks of nothing but making money.

"Robin Hood" in Burlesque.

NATURALLY, a big success like *Robin Hood* cannot be permitted to escape without at least one burlesque. Bull Montana is filming a take-off on the Fairbanks film that he admits himself is a knock-out. *Rob 'Em Good* is to be the title, and, of course, Bull will play the sprightly lord of Sherwood Forest.



¶ When star meets star, then comes the tug-of-war. Pola Negri demanded the death of all the cats at Lasky's. Gloria Swanson protected them. The cats are still thriving.

on the Dumas romance, wished to ride into Paris on a dashing steed, he choose a sway-back mule. Mule's name was, and still is, Jazbo. Jazbo behaved like a perfect gentleman until the comedian chanced to touch him with his spur. Whereupon Jazbo went up in the air. Literally. The company was too busy shrieking with laughter to aid poor Max, until Jazbo, with one final heave, shot Linder over his head onto the hard, hard ground. Result: a nice ten-day vacation for the company while Linder vacationed in the hospital.

Pola Emotes in Private Only.

ON an enclosed stage, where every entrance is barred, Pola Negri made her first Hollywood picture, *Bella Donna*. All the other Lasky stars have performed in the open, before the enthralled gaze of visitors fortunate enough to reach their sets. Miss Negri made positive demands for strict privacy and in addition requested continuous music, setting a high mark for temperamental peculiarities.

Chaplin to Wield the Megaphone.

EDNA PURVIANCE, Charlie Chaplin's leading woman, is becoming a star. Her first offering is an eight-reel play, which Chaplin himself wrote and is directing. The story concerns a man's love for two women, the destructive influence of one overcome by the other's purity. It will be interesting to see the Chaplin hobby become his work.

Divorce Put on Business Basis.

DOROTHY DEVORE, Christie comedienne, is one of the latest on the divorce roll. She sent a note for hubby, asking to please leave the key at the bungalow. The divorce idea in Hollywood is being put on a business-like basis.

Snakes Get Gaston Glass.

LIFE is so interesting in the movies. Just one thing after another to keep the movie star amused. Take Gaston Glass' experience. The other day Gaston was doing a boy-stood-on-the-burning-deck scene in *The Hero*, res-

cuing little Frankie Lee from a burning building. It was real fire, too. Just as Glass leaped from the second story the beam on which he had been balancing collapsed. Glass landed neatly—in a nest of rattlesnakes that had been driven from the old house by the flames. Four cameras trained on Glass recorded a streak that was a rattlesnake lunching off Gaston's ankle.



¶ Jean Acker has petitioned the court to allow her to keep the name of Mrs. Rodolph Valentino. "You are not Mrs. Valentino," says Rodolph. "You're Mrs. Antonio Guglielmi, and you have no right to my stage name."

"And I'll bet that the fans will say it was a *papier mache* snake," mourned Gaston, nursing his swollen ankle. "It didn't have a *papier mache* bite, anyway."

Bruin Discovers Corpse.

TOM FORMAN stumbled upon a tragedy in real life recently while shooting some scenes for his new picture, *Are You a Failure?* The scene called for a bear that disappears into the woods with a dog at his heels. When the camera started grinding, Bruin ambled over to a clump of trees and began nosing about the roots. He could not be persuaded to abandon his interest in the dry leaves; so Tom Forman investigated. Half concealed among the trees was the dead body of a man hanging from a limb, a murder

victim or a suicide. The police have not yet identified the corpse.

Rodolph Stops the Show.

RODOLPH VALENTINO has always refused to make personal appearances, but he made one that wasn't on the cards the other evening in New York. Rudie sneaked into the Rivoli Theatre to see how his new picture, *The Young Rajah*, went over with the audience. Somebody recognized him; the news that he was in the audience spread, and the crowd applauded until Rudie had to get up and say a few well-chosen words.

Charles Ray Turns Auctioneer.

CHARLES RAY auctioned off a number of baby pups at the Hollywood Dog Show recently for the benefit of wounded veterans of the World War. Almost every prominent person in filmdom entered a dog in the show.

Jean Would Keep Rudie's Name.

JEAN ACKER'S recent petition to keep the name of Mrs. Rodolph Valentino is not meeting with any enthusiastic concurrence from Rodolpho. Valentino's attorney immediately filed an answer for his client, stating that Miss Acker had no right, by law or equity, to change her name from Mrs. Antonio Guglielmi to Mrs. Rodolph Valentino. Her only intent, the attorney declared, was to profit by the publicity value of her former husband's name.

Charlie Engaged Again?

POOR Charlie Chaplin! Let him even so much as speak prettily to a lady, and presto! The papers announce an engagement. The latest to protest that she was "just a very good friend of Mr. Chaplin's" is Eleanor Boardman, Goldwyn featured actress. In which she follows in the footsteps of May Collins, Claire Sheridan, Lila Lee, Peggy Joyce Hopkins, et alia.

Real Drammer for Phyllis.

PHYLLIS HAVER, perhaps the most luscious of all the peaches that have bloomed on the Mack Sennett lot, is soon to appear at the head of

her own company. Sennett is being very mysterious about the name and nature of the picture, except to say that it just suits her. A bathing suit, perhaps?

How Movies Are Made.

LIONEL BELMORE is swanking around the Goldwyn lot in a regular Knights-of-Pythias uniform, his manly chest covered with medals. He has a featured role in *Jazzmania*.

"What are all the medals for?" asked Richard Dix.

"Search me," said Lionel. "We haven't got that far in the script yet."

Ralph to Be Fond Papa?

RALPH GRAVES, the handsome youth who caused so many susceptible feminine hearts to palpitate in Griffith's *Dream Street*, is lugging home weighty volumes on "The Care and Training of Infants" these days. The stork has a calculating eye on the Graves household. Mrs. Graves was an actress on the legitimate stage before her marriage two years ago.

Stanlaws' Criticism Is Sensation.

ALL Hollywood chuckled when the Los Angeles Herald, a Hearst publication, reprinted from the January **SCREENLAND** the Penrhyn Stanlaws story, *What's the Matter With Our Hollywood Women*—and left out all mention of Mr. Stanlaws' criticism of Marion Davies, Cosmopolitan star.

"Marion Davies' face has a fault that is not common among beautiful women," commented Stanlaws in **SCREENLAND**. "Her brows are too low, too close to the eyes. The eyes are colorless, and the nose too flat on the end."

C. B. Buys Fast Launch.

SPECIALIZING in concealed telephones and bathroom dramas has its compensations—financial ones. C. B. DeMille has just launched his speedy motor-boat, *Miss Cecelia*, in Los Angeles harbor.

Walter Hiers Is Wally's Successor.

THE best joke of the month is Walter Hiers' elevation to stardom to fill none other than Wallace Reid's shoes. A year ago who would have thought that the rotund Walter could ever be thought of in the same breath

as Wally, the Perfect Lover? Wallace has of late been going over to the farce drama, and when illness prevented him from taking the starring role in *Mr. Billings Spends His Dime*, Lasky turned over the role to the other Paramount comedian, Hiers. Walter's excellent work in recent pictures has earned him the promotion. The promotion comes as a nice wedding present, by the way, as Walter was married on December 28, in Syracuse, N. Y. The bride was Miss Adah McWilliams, a wealthy society girl.

Would Snatch Rudie's Crown.

ANOTHER candidate for the Valentino laurels is with us. Charles de Roche (yes, he is a count) recently burst upon a palpitating Hollywood, clad in shrieking checks and a world-weary expression. His press agents shucked him of the checks and dressed



¶ The owner of this Louis XIV bedroom is the young man sticking his head so coyly from behind the door. We hasten to add, however, that Harold Lloyd does not sleep in this rose and gold boudoir. It is merely a guest chamber in his palatial Hollywood home.

Photo by Stagg.

him in a more subdued suit before they permitted the reporters to see him, but Charles' exuberance spilled over into his conversation. He informed the press that Valentino was a pretty boy, but that he, Charles, would take great pleasure in showing the ladies of America what a real, continental heart-smasher was like. It is said the irreverent of Hollywood have dubbed the blithe Charles "Lasky's mistake."

Enid Bennett to Play Priscilla.

ENID BENNETT looked so pretty as *Maid Marian* in *Robin Hood* that Charles Ray immediately signed her up to play *Priscilla* in his new picture, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

Lubitsch to Direct Mary.

THE rumor is abroad in Hollywood that Mary Pickford has engaged Ernst Lubitsch to direct her in *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*. If true, it means that Mary will be really directed for the first time in years, as she has done most of the directing herself of late. It is said our Mary wants a director whom she cannot boss.

Charles Dickens Just Loved "Peaches."

A STORY that is causing many chortles over the spaghetti in the film colony is that anent Peaches Jackson's mother and one Mr. Dickens. Mrs. Jackson, in talking to a newspaper reporter, resented the fact that Peaches was not cast in *Oliver Twist*.

"If Mr. Dickens could have had his way, Peaches would have had a good part in the picture," declared the good lady.

"Do you mean Charles Dickens?" exclaimed the astonished reporter.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Dickens was out here all last summer, and he thought Peaches was a little genius."

Art Demands Such Sacrifices!

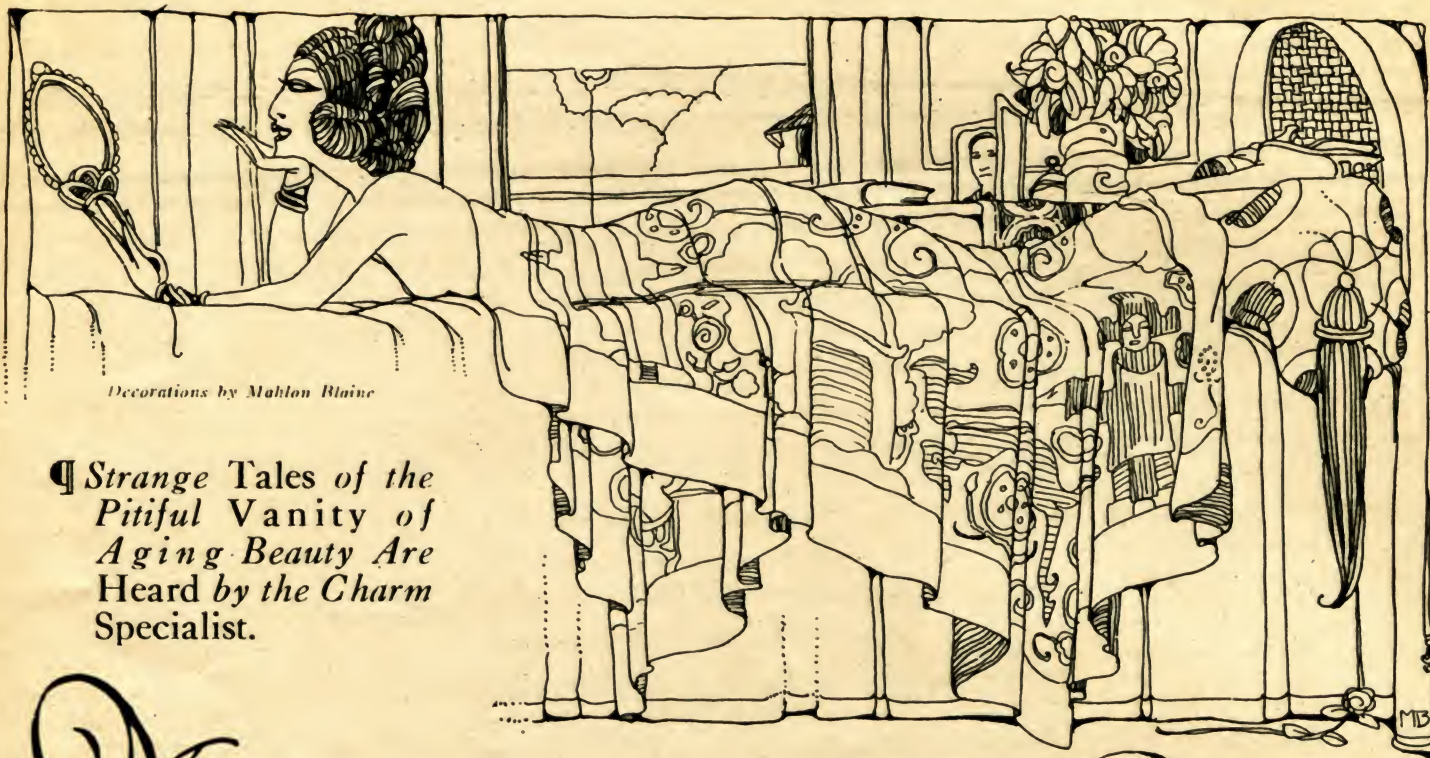
BOB FRAZER, whom you will remember as the toreador in Mac Murray's *Fascination*, is complaining of his new role in *Jazzmania* being hard on his feet. "My pants are so tight I don't dare sit down," says Bob, who wears a most gorgeous white and gold uniform.

Bert Loves His Art.

BERT LYTELL has joined the ranks of drug-store blondes. Honest, girls, he has. Bert just naturally hates and despises wearing a wig. His new role as *Rudolph Rassendyl* in the Selznick picture, *Rupert of Hentzau*, called for a blonde shock of hair. So Bert invested in some peroxide and has bleached his brown locks.

Moreno Supports Mary Miles.

INSTEAD of pinch-hitting for Valentino, as Hollywood gossips predicted, Antonio Moreno is playing second fiddle to Mary Miles Minter, in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. This is the last picture Mary Miles will make for Paramount, as her very remunerative contract, calling for a salary of \$7,000 each and every week, has expired. (Continued on page 70)



Decorations by Mahlon Blaine

¶ *Strange Tales of the Pitiful Vanity of Aging Beauty Are Heard by the Charm Specialist.*

Mysterious WAYS of the Beauty GLUTTON

By Anne Austin

IF a man is never a hero to his own valet, how much less is a motion picture star a heroine to her facial masseur, her manicurist, her hair-dresser! When a star's lovely tresses are pulled back from her forehead, making revelations that would rock the fan world; when the make-up has been scraped off her face and nature's shrinking immodesty laid bare to the beneficent bath of cold cream; when the crow's feet around her "most perfect eyes in the world" (see her press agent) are admitted, discussed and mourned over; when the Cupid's bow is off her lips and her honest Irish mouth emerges bashfully—then, oh, then the star unbuckles her mental suspenders and lets herself go.

She talks not to the masseur of "my art" and "bigger and better things—the best that is in me for my public." In fact, Merton of the Movies, her conversation would be a body-blow to your beautiful faith in motion picture stars, built up so laboriously, so poetically, by their press agents. Even Norma Talmadge forgets that she is a tragedy queen. To the masseur she is merely

Mrs. Schenck, a nice married woman, who talks of how hot it is for this time of the year, and isn't it a shame that skirts are getting longer and what will we do with the short skirts we have, and do you like this new handbag of mine, and when on earth will it rain again.

For of course Norma talks to the people who give her a fancy facial, shampoo, henna pack, Boncilla, electrolysis, trim, scalp treatment, marcel and manicure. Yes, that is the regular diet of the beauty glutton.

TO hear an honest-to-God talk fest, go to a beauty parlor. For when a beauty parlor expert—they are all experts, you know, and have just come out from New York—is giving you a facial or a shampoo, she adopts the barber's social code—she talks you into a comatose condition. Millions of words of gossip are spilled annually in every beauty parlor—the kind of gossip which Elinor Glyn would not dare to put into print, and which if overheard by Robert W. Chambers would make that now respectable scribe wonder why he ever thought he understood

women. No name or topic is sacred within the shrouding white curtains of a beauty parlor booth. No man is coming near. Other women are busy talking, too. There is nothing in the world to do but talk, and there is no time wasted.

And a beauty parlor expert is no snide Scheherazade; she is perfectly willing to recount all the tid-bits of gossip that come her way. The size of her tip largely depends on the bulkiness of her gossip budget.

OUT of this swirling maelstrom of gossip, which I have gotten while under the steaming towel or in the permanent wave machine or while my hands were being held by a loquacious manicurist, has boiled up much that is unprintable and a little that can be set down—good and bad and gray-colored.

The Talmadge girls—Constance, Norma and Natalie—are three of the most popular patronesses of this particular establishment, located on West Seventh street in Los Angeles—a mecca of theatrical and motion picture people. If the appointment sheets of this beauty shop were



published every day a long line of fans would be obstructing the sidewalk every morning before the discreet opening hour of nine o'clock. Up

¶ "When a player long out of work gets a part, she plunges into an orgy of beautifying, bathing her soul in delight."

drives a great black sedan and out steps Priscilla Dean, in tweed walking suit, her ankles looking a little thick in her heavy walking shoes.

Priscilla is another favorite of the operators. She's not "upstage" at all—the operators would soon take it out of her if she were, and she has a racy line of talk that "intrigues" her blasé audience. A story Priscilla told as she submitted gracefully to a manicure was of a visit of censors to Universal City. Priscilla's free soul was terribly cramped by the onslaught of mass morality; she put her foot in it every time she opened her mouth, until a censor who had gotten temporarily detached from morality blew in. She was a white-haired, handsome, dashing woman of fifty. She strode up to Priscilla, offered her cigarette case and demanded a match, all before she shook hands with the star she had come from Canada to see. Priscilla says that she bloomed again, struck her stride, and had a royal good time, in spite of the horrified withdrawal of the other censors. Priscilla takes all the trimmings at a beauty parlor, and she looks it when she comes out—all lit up like a Christmas tree—sparkling like a black diamond, if there is such a thing.

ONE of the most fastidious stars in filmdom is a certain well-known blond ingenue. She comes by it honestly, for her mother and her sister, according to the beauty parlor girls, are just as fastidious. In this case the results certainly seem to justify the pains, if not the pain—caused to those who work on her. I saw her keep a manicurist an hour and a half over her ten little pink nails, then demand that they be done over again. In getting that manicure, she tried to give the experienced manicurist lessons on nail-carving, illustrated with frequent uses of the file herself. Half an hour is usually ample time in which to dress up a set of well-cared-for nails. When the hour and a half was up, the operator put her tongue in her cheek and sweetly made out a check for a dollar and a half, the price of two manicures. The star stormed so that her lovely pink and white face was rich as a Turner sunset, but she had to pay the bill. Her mother's permanent wave, which she had put in after prayer and fasting, makes her look ten years younger and compensates for the hours of indecision she put in over it.

Clara Horton, whose ash blonde hair was her most distinguishing—her enemies might cattishly say her only distinguished—characteristic, spent hours with samples of brown hair, a hair specialist, and mysterious little bottles of dye, and finally decided to change that silvery blonde

glory into a golden brown. The result may be seen in her next picture. Curtain, please! As for Clara herself, according to the character analyst who shampoos hair for a living, Clara is a sweet little thing who will not set the world on fire—attic not especially well furnished, but sweet and clean.

The woman who tries to conceal her bad points from beauty parlor workers is rare, but occasionally one

drifts in. For instance, Mrs. Leslie Carter phoned for a private reception, an appointment with a person who knew her, entered by a private side door, had her hair touched up with henna and left as secretly as she came. There is no vanity like the pitiful vanity of the aging beauty. Sarah Bernhardt has it. Even her own maid has never seen her try to take a step on her artificial limb. She is carried in a sedan chair everywhere.

A PERSON whom the beauty-aiders love to see coming is Myrtle Stedman—Myrtle of the gracious forties, with her usually enormous young man son in her wake—Lincoln Stedman of the movies also. Without a beauty parlor Myrtle Stedman, who is now creating the title role in *The Famous Mrs. Fair* for Louis B. Mayer, would be doomed to a settling period and then a series of grand dame and mother roles. With the white magic of beauty culture, Myrtle Stedman's crow's feet are kept properly in abeyance, her beautifully round cheeks are kept firm, her incipient double chin is made to behave, her gorgeous nut brown hair is kept alive and ambitious, and her eyes are kept young. When the beauty parlor has had its complete sweet way with her, she is one of the most beautiful women in pictures.

"There isn't a sweeter woman to work on than Miss Stedman," my friend the gossip tells me. "She is patient and jolly and tips liberally." These are the three cardinal virtues from the operator's viewpoint.

THE tradition that motion picture stars are outrageously lavish spenders does not bear investigation in a beauty parlor. The seasoned film player bargains as industriously as her sister-under-the-skin, the business woman. She buys what she needs in hair goods, cosmetics, perfumes and such, but she buys less recklessly than the average society woman. Helen Ferguson in shopping at this West Seventh street "emporium of beauty" was asking the other day for a perfume that wasn't so expensive that it would remind her of dropping liquid platinum on her hankies. But, then, Helen was "resting."

When a player long out of work gets a part, she plunges into an orgy of beautifying—partly to prepare herself for work and largely to bathe her soul in delight. For instance, when Dorothy Wallace got an important part in *Merry-Go-Round*, she rushed (Continued on Page 74)





Why Smiles MAKE You Happy

By Virginia Woods

¶ Doug Fairbanks smiled his way to the very top rung of the ladder of Success.

Photo by Evans.

THEY are contagious, are smiles. They're as catching as a yawn in a crowded street-car. When you have caught the disease, you will recognize the symptoms: a warm feeling about the heart and a general relaxation of the whole body.

A smile does you as much good as a brisk walk and tones up the old system better than a whole bottle of beef and iron. Did you ever see a smiling dyspeptic?

There are no set times or places for smiles. They are welcome almost everywhere. Of course, there are times when a smile ceases to be a virtue and becomes an insult, such as when the dentist predicts cheerfully that it isn't going to hurt a bit and when the income tax collector accepts your last sou. But in most situations a real, heart-warming, genuine smile is as welcome as a raise in salary and much easier to get.

A COMMERCIAL value is attached to smiles as well. Not for sentimental reasons do solid business men keep a "Smile" sign tacked over their desks. Few business men are Pollyannas. But they find that a pleasant expression and a genial smile is an economic asset.

A pleasing smile means purple limousines, ermine wraps and other attractive things to the actress. Can you imagine yourself standing in line to see a film star who never smiles? (Always excepting Buster the Frozen-Faced, who makes up for his niggardliness in smiles for home consumption by the genius with which he stirs our own risibilities.)

When tragedies rule the boards, the management has to "paper" the house. It takes a comedy or a musical show to bring out the S. R. O. sign. "Laugh,



¶ Priscilla Dean wears the smile of conquest, assurance born of a magnificent woman's charms, strong and fearless.

Photo by Freulich.

and the world laughs with you. Weep, and it gives you the laugh."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has ever found a smile the passport to fame. A smile is the best tonic he ever took, he says. "I try to waken in the morning with a smile," says Doug. "If you keep smiling until ten o'clock in the morning, you can't help smiling the rest of the day."

Doug ought to know. He smiled his way through "Happiness" to the very top rung of the ladder of Success.

Wally Reid's broad, boyish grin brought him fame, wealth and adoration. It is his smile, his endearing, warm smile, that we will remember long after (Continued on Page 76)

A SMILE, observes the dictionary, is "a pleased expression; a blessing or favor; a drink of liquor."

The liquid smile is supposed to have gone out when the Volstead Act came in. But the rest of Noah's (or was it Daniel's?) definition still holds good.

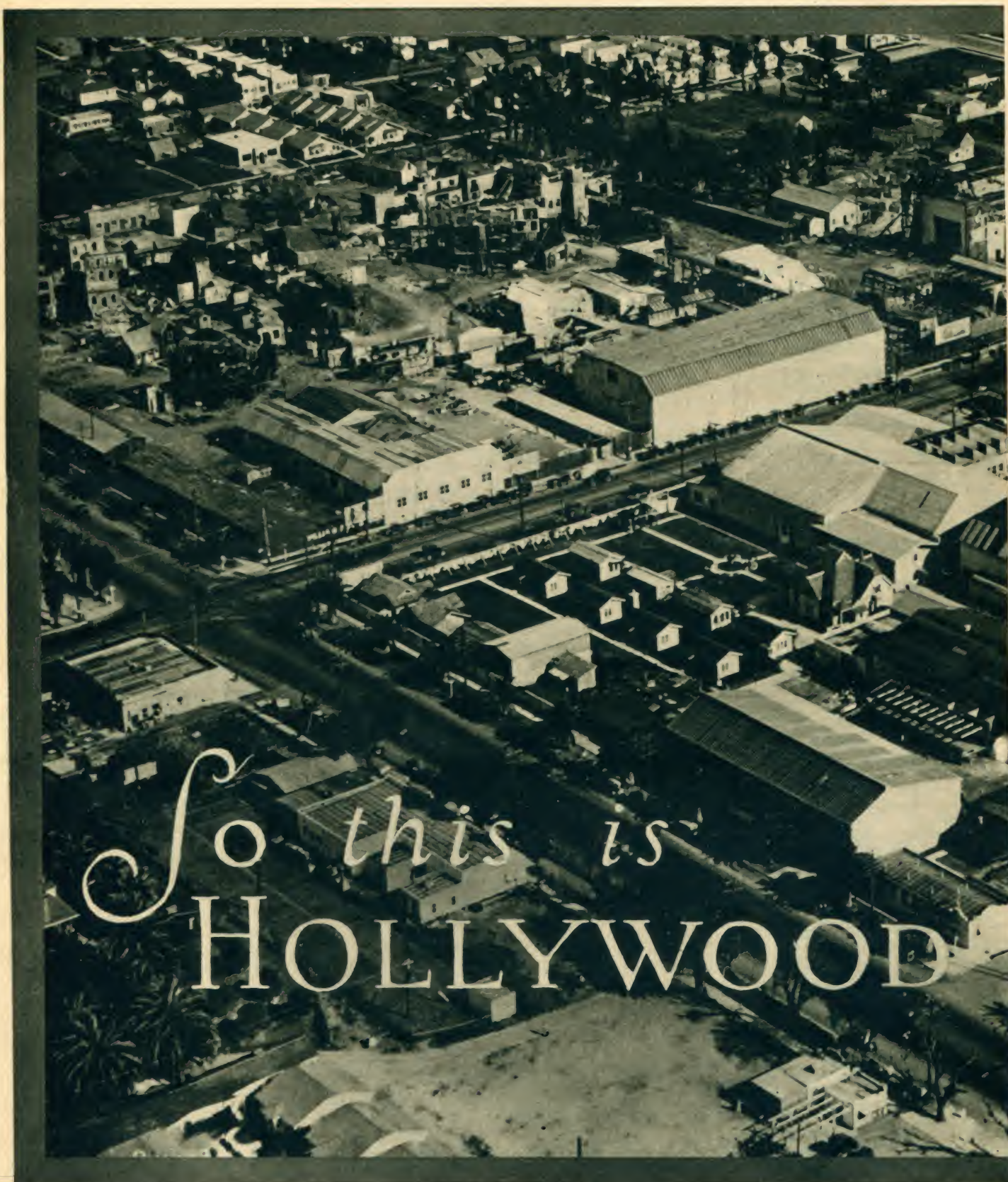
A smile is a blessing. And for once, its virtue reacts upon the giver. Both benefit by it, the bestower and bestowed upon. Like going to church, it makes us feel so good that we wonder why we do not do it more often.

And it is so easy. Anybody can do it.

Except the undertaker.



¶ It is Wallie Reid's endearing, warm grin that we will remember long after the memory of his excellent profile has died away.



A WHITE shaft of light shot up against a starless Hollywood sky, flickered, died away and flared again, this time steadily, remorselessly.

"They're shooting night stuff on the Fox lot again," commented a passerby, as we paused before the shadowy en-

trance to the home of so many virile dramas of the great open spaces where men are men. "Don't those guys ever sleep?"

It wouldn't seem so. With eleven companies grinding out screen entertainment, the Fox studio has Mark

Twain's fabled one-armed paper-hanger with the hives looking like an I. W. W. by comparison.

And most of the companies are working day and night, we found, passing through the "front office," chastely decorated with huge enlarged



W. M. Cross Photo.

crayon portraits of William Fox, strangely reminiscent of the portraits of Uncle Abner and Aunt Azrael that we used to park on easels in the parlor, next to the waxed funeral wreath in the glass case.

On almost every stage the great

arcs poured their blinding light upon laboring companies. The fortunate players temporarily out of the camera's eye, huddled themselves in steamer-rugs and extra wraps, for the night air is chilly in Sunny California, after the well-advertised sun has

knocked off work, while those who were "working" tried to apply their Coué to convince themselves that sleeveless evening gowns or bathing suits were just the thing for a brisk winter evening.

Over on stage one, where Shirley Mason was earning her daily limousine by overtime work in *Pawn Ticket* 210 the company was marking time while Scott Darling, Shirley's director, exhorted the diminutive star to f'r gawd-sake cry. "Show a little emotion," he urged persuasively in a tragic, haunted voice. "You're cold, you're hungry, your mother is dying and your income tax comes due tomorrow. . . . Come on, that's the girl, cry. Cry some more . . . harder . . . ho-ld it. . . . Awright, cut! That's great! Fine! Thought for a while I'd have to use an onion, though."

ON the edge of the circle of lights, Viola Dana, accompanied by a strapping, athletic-looking chap, watched her sister emote and snuggled deep into the soft shelter of her squirrel wrap.

Over on stage two, where the Kliegs merely intensify the gloom, Jack Gilbert is making a film version of the old George Barr McCutcheon favorite, *Truxton King*. And a fine, husky Yankee adventurer he makes. Just around the corner the two Farnums are working—on different pictures, of course—Dustin in a picture with the intriguing title of *The Three Who Paid*, and William the Mighty in *Brass Commandments*. William says night stuff helps him to reduce. "In which case," remarks his director, Emmett Flynn, "don't make any engagements for any evening for the next year or so."

If you examine the bird's-eye view of the Fox lot above, you will see eight little bungalows, like doll-houses, standing neatly in rows. They are dressing-rooms for the stars. The second from the end in the first row belongs to "Buck" (pardon, Charles) Jones, the handsomest buckaroo in the fillums. "Buck" isn't working tonight, but during the daytime he is making another of the rip-roaring, hell-for-leather westerns, this one being titled *The Footlight Ranger*.

The more palatial bungalow tucked away in the corner of Western and Sunset boulevard belongs to Tom Mix. No, the big, barnlike affair just this side of it isn't a special garage for Tom's big Duesenberg, though you might well be excused for thinking so. They make Tom keep his car outside, where there's plenty of room. The building you mention is Tom's private gymnasium (Continued on page 74)

CAUGHT in the Act



¶ The government is notoriously unsympathetic about sacrificing good timber, even for Art. So when Louis B. Mayer wanted a first-class, snappy forest fire for his Reginald Barker production, *Hearts Aflame*, he had to build his own pine forest. This photograph (at left) shows the forest after the first week of tree-planting.

¶ (Below) After the fire. One perfectly good week-old pine forest wiped out of existence. Twenty cameras were trained on the conflagration.



¶ (Above) The forest fire after the pines had been drenched with kerosene and set ablaze. Through half a mile of raging flames, Anna Q. Nilsson drove a locomotive, incurring painful burns thereby. Additional casualties: one camera man, a perfectly sweet frock and a beautiful blonde transformation which had to be restored before further scenes could be shot. Such is the price of fame!

WEDDING BELLS FOR CONNIE?

¶ Will Constance Talmadge marry her old admirer, Irving Berlin, noted song writer? Broadway gossips say yes. Connie doesn't say anything. No, the gentleman with her is not Irving.

International Photo.



KIDDING THE CLASSICS

¶ Recipe for comedy knock-outs: burlesque the latest screen super-special. Son of a Shiek, Mud and Sand and Rob 'Em Good have suffered. The latest comedy burlesque is a take-off on The Burning of Rome. Margaret Gorman gets quite a kick out of the noble Roman, who seems to be making his commencement address.

International Photo.



TWO LITTLE BOYS AT PLAY

¶ What these movie actors don't think of! Jack Holt and Raymond Hatton are regular cut-ups around the Lasky lot. Really, their camera-men just about die laughing at the killing things they do!



¶ "Alone at last!" sighs this happy pair in their undersea rendezvous. From Wonders of the Sea, being made by J. E. Williamson in the Bahamas, West Indies. One of the wonders pictured is Lulu McGrath.



RUDIE STARTS MARATHON

¶ Rodolph the Magnificent (left) and the former president of the board of aldermen (right) start the field of 150 Marathoners in New York City as one of the Columbus Day features.

International Photo.



WHO SAID LOUNGE LIZARD?

¶ A portrait of a gentleman who packs a mean punch. If you don't believe it, tell him \$1500 a week is a living wage. Of course we don't have to explain to you that this is Rudie Valentino.

IS THIS TO TAKE OUR RUDIE'S PLACE?

¶ A thousand feminine voices raise the chorus, "NO!" Charles De Rochefort, late of that dear Paris, has been imported to play the leading role in The Spanish Cavalier, in which Rudie was to have been featured.

International Photo.



"GANGWAY!" SAYS JACKIE.

¶ Jackie Coogan shows his dad a few things about burning up the road. When Jackie steps on the gas in his Special 8, other cars just naturally have to take his dust.



BEBE GETS BOUQUETS

¶ When Bebe Daniels stepped off the train at Chicago a porter thrust into her hands a huge bouquet. After the waiting cameramen had snapped Bebe, she discovered that a card attached showed that the posies were meant for Lady Mountbatten, who was on the same train. But what's a mere English noblewoman compared to a cinema queen.

International Photo.



TOO LATE, GIRLS

¶ Marjorie Grant saw him first and married him in Chicago. Now she's Mrs. Vincent Coleman and has left Ed Wynn's revue to accompany her husband to New York, where he is taking male leads on both stage and screen.

International Photo.

HE LOVES HIS ART

¶ Tommy Meighan is happy in his work and he dearly loves his teacher. Leatrice Joy looks as if she just knows somebody is pecking.

DOWN ON THE FARM

¶ Cullen Landis milks a mean cow, if he does say it as shouldn't, and Viola Dana and Bruce Guerin make an appreciative audience. But oh, Viola, Viola, since when have they been wearing shoes like yours down on the farm!



MAE MARSH IN LONDON

¶ Mae Marsh adds value to the prizes given at the masked ball given for charity at the Palais de Danse, London, by distributing them with her own fair hands.

International Photo.

ALMA RUBENS RETURNS

¶ Just before Alma Rubens stepped off the S. S. Olympic onto American soil after her European trip, she stopped to smile prettily for Screenland readers. Miss Rubens went to Paris, Nice and Monte Carlo to film some of the scenes in her new Cosmopolitan picture, *Enemies of Women*.

International Photo.



**ENIE, MENIE, MINIE, MO,
FOUR MEN UNDER THE
MISTLETOE!**

¶ Who will be the lucky man? Malcolm McGregor thinks that he will be, because Viola Dana is looking at him. David Butler is modestly unsuspecting and Allan Forrest (Mr. Lottie Pickford) is his own gay, dashing self. But if anybody gets the kiss, we'll bet that the gent in the store clothes gets it. Cause why? Cause he's Harry Beaumont, I's director, and directors have to be kept good-natured. That's why.



**NORMA'S
NAMESAKE**

¶ Norma Talmadge and Cecelia Alice Norwood of San Francisco, the most attractive girl-baby twins of Central California. With names like theirs, of course they're in pictures.

International Photo.



MARY, DOUG AND GEORGIE

¶ Mary and Doug stop off in Chicago to attend the premiere of Robin Hood in George M. Cohan's Grand Theatre. "You lucky dog," says Georgie to Doug.

International Photo.

LONDON PAPERS PLEASE COPY

¶ (Left) Mlle. Cecile Sorel, star of the Comedie Francaise, is stealing Elinor's stuff. Note the nifty bonnet and coat trimmings of leopard skin which Cecile wears on board ship on her way to New York.

International Photo.



¶ "Officer, I wasn't going a bit over fifteen," says Gene O'Brien, but the cop is a native Missourian.

LILLIAN GISH SAILS FOR EUROPE

¶ Lillian is trying to make believe she's a camera man, on board the S. S. Providence en route to Europe, but she can't fool us. Camera-men put their hats on back side front.

International Photo.



ANOTHER MOTHER'S BOY

¶ Isn't Charlie Ray the image of his mother? Mr. Ray, Sr., and Whiskers Ray, a movie star in his own right, are the other members of this family group.



JACK KERRIGAN COMES BACK

¶ Shooting the long wagon train in *The Covered Wagon*, Paramount's film version of Emerson Hough's epic of the early West. None other than the old favorite, J. Warren Kerrigan, is returning to the screen in this picture.



BUT WHY SIT SO FAR APART?

¶ Presenting Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pickford enjoying a roller-chair ride at Atlantic City. Like all brides, Mrs. Marilyn Miller Pickford keeps her left hand with its big diamond well in evidence.

International Photo.

¶ Are the blazing arc lights of the studios literally burning out the eyes of our screen stars? This article explains why film actors dread "Klieg Eyes" as an ever-present menace.



ARE Movie Actors Going Blind?

By Athene Farnsworth

Wallace Reid Threatened With Blindness! Film Idol May Never Act Again!

THUS the newspaper headlines, blaring forth the rumors that were being buzzed up and down Hollywood Boulevard and around the studios. What tragic fate had overtaken this youthful screen star, at the very height of his career?

"Klieg eyes," said the wise ones. "Klieg eyes," the dreaded menace that always hangs over the head of those who work within the circle of the flaming studio lights, had once more hit Wally, the debonaire.

THERE is more, a very great deal more, to this business of being a screen star than dressing up in fine clothes and strutting before a camera. And none know this better than Wallace Reid.

Three times before the last attack have the great Klieg lights that flood the studio sets literally *burned out* Wally's twinkling gray eyes. Only absolute quiet and darkness could restore to the actor his sight. . . . Even then there was a chance that the damage had been done. . . . Wherefore Wally was packed off to a sanitarium where he could rest.

Now the vacation has cured the poor, abused eyes, it is said, and

Wally is to return to work. Until the next time. . . After that, what?

EVERY person on the set stands in constant danger from the spectre of "Klieg eyes." The powerful arcs may mean *blindness* to whomsoever



¶ Three times have the powerful Klieg lights rendered Wallace Reid temporarily blind. One more attack and then . . . what?

rashly exposes his precious eyes to the burning brilliance of the lights.

These mammoth Klieg lights, manufactured by Kliegl Brothers of New York, are used in the "shooting" of all indoor scenes. Often the most exquisite effects of outdoor scenery are obtained by sets built in the studio and illuminated by the Klieg flood lights or naval searchlights. These great arcs and sunlights often throw a radiance of two million candle-power. They consist of burning carbon set in a great polished metal reflector, often three feet long and two and one-half feet in width. The light is then thrown on to the set through a lens.

THERE are two theories as to the cause of Klieg eyes. Some believe that it is the carbon dust, minute particles of which get into the eyes of the people on the set and as the fine dust is practically red hot it burns the eyeballs of the victim.

Another point of view is that it is the intense heat and the volume of light from the reflectors that do the damage. At any rate, Klieg eyes are dreadfully painful. This malady causes the eyeball to become inflamed, the eyelids to swell and burn and the tears to flow in streams of hot liquid.

Sometimes, only ten minutes on



Directors as well as stars succumb to the terrible malady of Klieg eyes. Cecil B. DeMille recently suffered a severe attack while filming *Adam's Rib*.

Photo by Melbourne Spurr.

a set, will give a person Klieg eyes; at other times, a whole day may be gone through successfully and about an hour after leaving the set, the demon Klieg begins to put in an appearance and the patient knows he is in for a wakeful evening. The attack may be cleared up in a few hours or it may last two days. The real danger lies in the victim attempting to come back on a set before his eyes are thoroughly recovered. There have been cases where several severe Klieg burnings have laid up an actor for two weeks in a darkened room.

SOME authorities claim that blue eyes are more susceptible than brown and that large eyes are at a disadvantage where Klieg lights are concerned. Just as a fair skin falls under the special spite of the sun, so his understudy, the Kliegs, seem to have a special antagonism for blondes, who, unless heavily protected by grease paint, are tanned by the arcs unmercifully.

Six years ago, hardly a day went by at the studios without a case of Klieg eye. Sometimes, the whole action of the unit was paralyzed by attacks of this hoodoo of the motion picture lot. Now, however, cases are becoming more rare. Improved carbon has aided to a large extent and the lights have ground glass covers, except for huge sets where a great many people must be photographed.

In such cases even the director is likely to suffer an attack of swollen eyelids and stinging eyes. In the

had a sad tale to relate of intense suffering. Favorite remedies for Klieg eyes range all the way from several drops of castor oil in the eye to ice packs, boric salve and raw potato poultices.

MR. DEMILLE believes that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure and has his eyes bathed with collyrium or a solution of boric acid every evening after leaving the set. This, he believes, will prevent a possible attack of Klieg eyes under all ordinary circumstances.

Every person on a set is warned not to look at the lights while acting and to wear dark glasses between scenes. It is a peculiar fact that the rays of light from the carbon lamps have a strong power of attraction and one not realizing the danger unconsciously lets his gaze rest on the floods of brilliant pale blue fire thrown on the scene. This is often the reason that so much unnecessary suffering from burned eyes is endured.

Several instances of where visitors have had attacks of Klieg eye are given in support of the theory that it is the fine carbon dust blowing in the eyes that causes the inflammation. People standing at the side of the set, not even within range of the direct rays of the powerful lights, have sometimes suffered from Klieg eyes. All authorities claim that the condition of the eyes has a great deal to do with their susceptibility to the malady.

ON the other hand, C. B. Graham, graduate nurse and first aid man at

filming of Cecil B. DeMille's latest feature, *Adam's Rib*, a huge set was used calling for several of the mammoth open flood lights. At 5 o'clock, when the scene was finished everyone went home, apparently in good health. By 7 that evening calls began coming to the Paramount offices telling of members of the cast suffering from a severe attack of Klieg eye. Scarcely a person on the set that day escaped. Even Mr. DeMille was not immune, and when they were again back for work each

one of the Hollywood studios, insists that Klieg eye is nothing more than conjunctivitis and that a person could easily contract the same malady from exposure to the sun's rays if they gazed at it for any length of time, or if it were nearer. It is the direct violet ray on the unprotected eye that does the damage and is more frequently caused during the photographing of "close-ups."

Mr. Graham thinks that carelessness and neglect on the part of the actor or actress are the cause of more Klieg eye than the actual menace of the lights themselves. "They lock the barn door after the horse is stolen," for a second attack of this painful lesson is not to be courted. Mr. Graham gives a simple method for the care of the eyes to avoid difficulties. "After leaving the set, the eyes should immediately be washed with collyrium, then again once or twice before going to bed. If this procedure is followed by a little boric salve the percentage of Klieg eyes would be practically nil," he says.

THE pain alone is not the worst trouble of this disease. The appearance of the patient plays havoc with his or her vanity. Swollen, inflamed, tear-flooded eyes are not the general ideal of perfect beauty. How different the soulful brown wells of expression appear when viewed through a maze of tears—not of the glycerine variety—and the long black lashes of (Continued on Page 76)



Blue eyes are more susceptible than brown to Klieg eyes, and blondes, unless protected by grease paint, are prone to tan under the lights. Pretty, blonde Wanda Hawley has to take double precaution against Klieg eyes.



¶ Talking movies would broaden the scope of dramatic interpretation, insists Agnes Ayres. Lessons in voice culture would not be so great a task for an ambitious artist.

"TALKING movies" are about to become an accomplished fact, after a decade or more of experimentation. Lee DeForest, of wireless and radio fame, has invented an instrument, the phonofilm, that photographs sound, either vocal or instrumental, which synchronizes perfectly with the actions of the motion-picture actors on the screen.

The phonofilm is used in conjunction with the regulation motion-picture camera. The film used is the ordinary cinema film; the picture appears upon one side of this film and along the edges are recorded a series of lines, similar in appearance to the lines on a phonograph record.

A TUBE which De Forest calls a "photion"—a glass tube with a bulbous end, is fitted inside the Bell-Howell camera, above the objective. This "photion" generates a powerful violet light, when electrically excited, that photographs sound as transferred through a tiny slit on the swiftly moving film.

The sounds are picked up by a converter similar to a telephone microphone, but much more sensitive. This converter turns the sounds into telephonic currents, which, in turn, pass into the "audion;" from this, powerful electric currents pass into and excite the "photion."

The picture may be projected upon the screen without projecting the

The INFANT Industry Learns to TALK

¶ The "Talking Movie" is here at last. How sound is synchronized with action on the screen is explained in this interesting article.

sound also, or both may be projected simultaneously, with perfect synchronization, by making a simple connection. In DeForest's very successful demonstration in Berlin recently, the figure of a man playing the violin was flashed upon the screen; the movements of his bow were in perfect accord with the strains of music from the instrument.

The sound is projected by the ordinary motion-picture projector. Turn the crank and, presto! —Al Jolson or Ethel Barrymore or Will Rogers . . . hear 'em and see 'em for 22 cents!

IT is possible, the inventor declares, to photograph as many as ten different "sound paths" on a single film, making it feasible to screen grand opera.

The prospect of talking movies is not entirely a pleasing one to stars and directors of the screen. The opinions of those who may be vitally affected by such an innovation differ widely.

Rupert Hughes, author, playwright, director, fears that sound is likely to work more harm than good to the industry.

"A voice coming from a flat surface, even though synchronizing perfectly with the movement and muscular expression of the pictured individual, would probably create a sense of incongruity in the minds of the audience. Sound added to the personality on the silver screen might threaten concentration," Mr. Hughes stated.

"There are many long shots, cut-backs, close-ups, shooting from different

angles . . . imagine trying to cut and condense the scene, meanwhile matching music. Could close-ups and long shots ever be made to harmonize with sounds to fit? Consider the terrific resonance of a mob scene."

CECIL B. DeMILLE believes that talking movies have a wonderful future in the educational field, but will never supersede the silent drama. He pointed out the remarkable possibilities for reproduction of scientific experiments. For example, the showing of a major surgical operation on the screen, with the voice of the specialist explaining each move and its significance.

Douglas (Continued on Page 80)



¶ "Could close-ups and long shots ever be made to harmonize with the natural sounds to fit?" asks Rupert Hughes, author and director. "Consider the terrific resonance of a mob scene."

What the STARS are Wearing

by Peggy Hamilton

**DESIGNER
OF FASHIONS**



"Attention, ma jolie" . . . and I will tell you a secret. Swobdi, the exclusive designer of chic hats, is importing smart afternoon frocks and alluring evening gowns.



This charming hat model has been chosen by Colleen Moore and is fashioned of mole with a pom-pom composed of two hundred and fifty ermine tails—an original Swobdi design.

Andre-ani, famous artist and designer of ultra screen and stage creations, formerly with Hickson in New York, has recently chosen Los Angeles for his future home and will establish an elaborate studio. Andre-ani has designed many magnificent successes for the best known stars, and California will surely extend him a hearty welcome to our artist colony.



"Pola Negri was an inspiration for this creation."

The Editors' PAGE

Myron Zobel, Editor

Eunice Marshall, Associate Editor

Vol. VI

FEBRUARY, 1923

No. 5

THE TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

THE truth about Hollywood!

The whole world stands atip-toe to hear the real truth about this City of Romance.

What is Hollywood, anyway?

The real Hollywood is ten times as alluring, as fascinating as you imagine it to be.

It is the Bagdad of the West, where romance lurks in every palm-shaded avenue, where vice and virtue wage their eternal battle, and where life and love are young and sweet.

Because SCREENLAND is in and of Hollywood and knows the truth, and because it has the sincerity and the high courage to give the world the truth about Hollywood, its pages bring you tales as romantic and fascinating as those of the Arabian Nights.

IF YOU HAVE A SPLIT LIP—

AROUND February first, don't read your March SCREENLAND. Because our Big Burlesque Number for March is going to give you more laughs than you have enjoyed in a blue moon. Fourteen great Hollywood feature articles are scheduled for your delectation. Not a word about what Sylvia Sugar uses to make her curls stay in. Nor how much Harold Hokum thinks of the little wife. (His.) Every article is going to be as breezy as a March wind, as peppery as a hot tamale. Better reserve your copy at your news-dealers' now!

WARNING!

THE name SCREENLAND is being imitated by several small magazines and trade papers. Be sure that you are getting the one and only genuine "made-in-Hollywood" SCREENLAND. The publishers will pay for information about infringements of our copyrighted name, "SCREENLAND."

Readers are also warned to beware of magazine solicitors who offer

"HOLLYWOOD NIGHT LIFE"

or

"HOW I GAINED TEN POUNDS IN ONE WEEK"

by Peggy Hopkins Joyce



Peggy Hopkins Joyce, snapped in a characteristic pose, during her eventful stay in the film capital.

Read About It in
SCREENLAND
for March
THE
BIG BURLESQUE
NUMBER
Out February First

SCREENLAND at a yearly price of less than \$2.50. No cut-rate or short term offers are authorized by this company.

HAVE YOU A LITTLE NEPHEW IN THE MOVIES

FAMILY pull. It is responsible for many of the terrible motion pictures for which you slide your half-dollar under the glass window. Just how many pictures are ruined in order to keep the producer's second cousin's brother-in-law in a good job is shown up in a searching expose by Wynonah Johnson in the March issue. Don't miss it!

HOLLYWOOD DIVORCE RING

THE formal charge of desertion covers a multitude of indiscretions, in screen circles as elsewhere. Did you ever wonder what was the real, underlying cause of the famous film stars' divorces? Just what rocks the matrimonial barks of screen stars come to grief upon is revealed in SCREENLAND for March. Buy it on February first.

A PRESS AGENT CONFESSIONS

NOBODY gets such a good line on the stars as do the press agents. And when a press agent takes his typewriter in his lap to bat off a few truths about pictures, after working hours, the result makes amusing reading. You won't want to miss *The Confessions of a Press Agent*, written by a clever publicity man, under a *nom de plume*, of course. In SCREENLAND for April.

"WILD INTERVIEWS I HAVE MET"

HELEN FERGUSON, who wields a mean pen as well as a grease-paint stick, turns the tables upon the complacent star-interviewers in a delicious little exposure of the magazine-writers' foibles.

Don't miss it, in SCREENLAND for April.

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"YOU'LL NEVER SUCCEED
with a WRINKLED FACE!"



and



The original

M. ELLA HARRIS

can do this for you

The famous beauty specialist now located in Hollywood will remove twenty years from your life.

Patrons from France, Washington, D. C., and all points of the United States have taken advantage of her luxurious accommodations to regain the bloom of youth derived from her treatments.

MOTION PICTURE stars, to whom the merciless "close-up" of the camera shows no favors, have used this treatment with great success.

M. ELLA HARRIS

also manufactures a home treatment combination consisting of a tube of "Marvel Skin Tightener," a bottle of "Double Astringent" and "Bleach Cream."

This combination, which sells for only \$5.00, contains a sufficient supply for four or five treatments. Directions for use included with every order.

They Whiten and Tighten the Skin

Send \$5.00 for this home treatment. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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1531 N. Bronson Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Enclosed please find \$5.00, for which please send me your home treatment.

Name
.....
.....



Photo by
Donald
Biddle Keyes

Conway Tearle

*Wearing one of our
new Imported English
Camel Hair Overcoats.*

*The above illustrated
garment is made up in
a natural camel color,
with dark brown over-
plaid.*

PETRIE'S INC.
DRIVER - BETTINGEN

LOS ANGELES

The well dressed man in HOLLYWOOD



BLAME it to the "flapper influence," the "after-the-war" let-down, or what you will, the tendency of man's dress is away from the somber hues that long have prevailed, and towards the lighter, brighter colors and more pronounced tones; the "youngish man's" tendencies for something livelier, and the older man's disposition to sacrifice stiffness and dignity in dress to grace and comfort.

Particularly observe this trend in winter's accepted headwear fashions. The "cady" or derby of a former era now is as passe as the legalized cocktail. Its blacks and browns have given away to the much more handsome fawns, buckskins, pearls and mixed sand-tones of the head-fitting fedora, crusher or "soft hat"—which correctly may be worn in a half score different shapes. The smoothly finished felt is steadily being usurped by the fuzzy, rough beaver, velours and similar fur—with results most gratifying.

The nation's pursuit of the golf ball has established many fashions in wear that ardently are welcomed not only by the golf fan, but as well by the man whose street and office clothes mark him as a man of affairs. Today a man well along in years can stroll down Broadway in tweed suit, wool heather hose, sports or golf shoes and a herringbone cap or tweed soft hat and attract practically no attention. His belted sports coat with large patch or bellows pockets isn't going to excite anyone.

The soft shirt to which we once buttoned a soft collar has developed into a one-piece shirt and collar; the negligee shirt with its attached self collar being in just as good taste and certainly much more pleasing to the wearer than the stiff shirts and laundered collar and cuffs ever were. Such negligees of English Oxford cloths, fine solettes and madrases accomplish a rather rakish air, strictly attune with the general ensemble of man's dress. This isn't going to wholly eliminate the detached soft collar, which has been developed to an unusual degree of practicalness and good looks, because there are many men who want the two separated.

In suits, winter's dominant shades incline towards effects somewhat darker than those that were favored for spring and summer, notably in soft tintings. Checked treatments in diagonals, in heather hues and brownish tones, with a sprinkling of dark blue herringbones and diamond weaves are much in evidence. In modeling, the sports requirement is much in evidence, due somewhat to the physique of wearer—both coat and trousers being cut with a freedom that allows unhindered arm-play and body-sway. The accepted sack coats reveal a wider spacing between the buttons, which may number two, three or four. The Norfolk jacket is as correct on the highway as on the fairway.

Overcoats, in step with the prevailing notes, trend towards the lighter and, shall we say, gayer tones. Invisible or semi-hidden plaids and overplaids are much to the fore, the models following the English in the loosely fitting, hanging effects. All-round or half belts on the ulster or great-coat models make them especially adaptable to the motor.

So the balance has swung towards ease and grace in design; towards the lighter motifs in colorings and pattern—both very apparent tendencies to copy from the fairer sex.



Latest Photograph of Earle E. Liederman

If you were dying tonight

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. To-morrow, or any day some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such a condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance.

A REBUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy; the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS NINETY DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old back-bone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you've only started. Now comes the real work. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make three friends of yours that think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich pure air stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you. **SEND FOR MY BOOK**

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is chock full of large size photographs of both myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every real minded man. I could easily collect a big price for a book of this kind just as others are now doing, but I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his **absolutely free**. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. So it's yours to keep. Now don't delay one minute—this may be the turning point in your life today. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

EARLE E. LIEDERMAN
Dept. 402, 305 Broadway, New York

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Dept. 402, 305 Broadway, N. Y. City

Dear Sir:—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name

Address

City

State

What Do YOU Know About LOVE?

*Why does Gloria Swanson close her eyes when she is being kissed?
Why does Mary Pickford stand on tiptoe and clasp her hero's neck?
Why does Constance Talmadge shudder? Why does little Viola Dana
pull her hero's top waistcoat button? Why does May McAvoy cry?
Why does Theda Bara smile?*

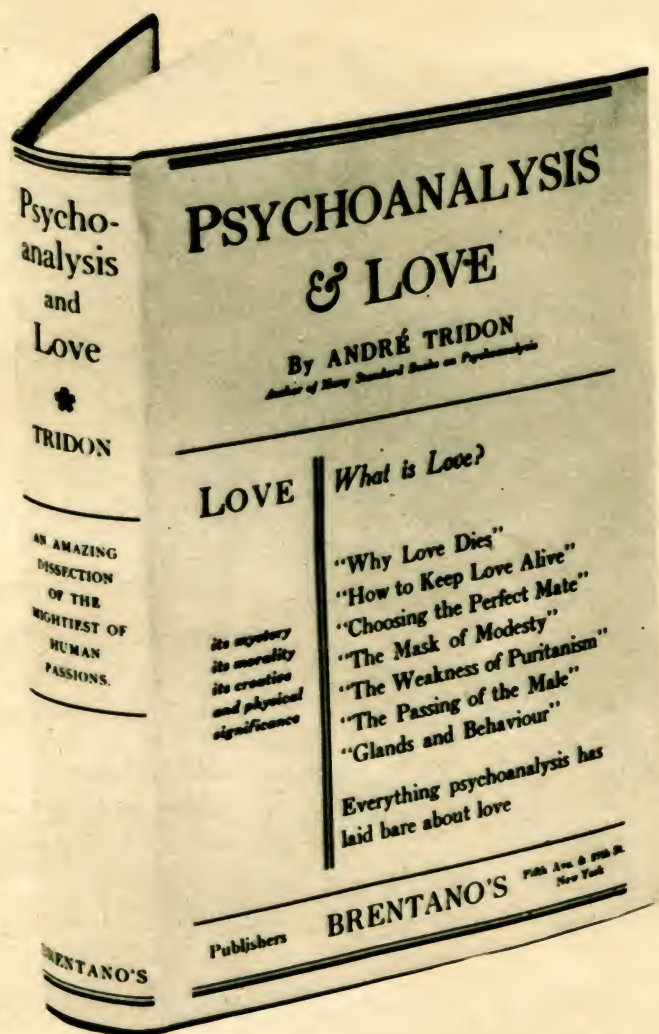
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DATE	DATE	DATE
<p>MARION DAVIES in "When Knighthood Was In Flower" Directed by Robert Vignola A Cosmopolitan Production</p> <p>DOROTHY DALTON in "Dark Secrets" by Edmund Goulding Directed by Victor Fleming</p> <p>GLORIA SWANSON in "My American Wife" by Monte M. Katterjohn, based on the story by Hector Turnbull</p> <p>CECIL B. DeMILLE'S Production "Adam's Rib" by Jeanie Macpherson With Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson and Pauline Garon</p> <p>"Drums of Destiny" With MARY MILES MINTER Supported by George Fawcett Adapted by Will M. Ritchey from "Sanctuary" by Stephen French Whitman</p> <p>JACK HOLT in "Nobody's Money" by William LeBaron Directed by Wallace Worsley Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix</p> <p>A George Melford Production "JAWA HEAD" With Leatrice Joy, Jacqueline Logan, Raymond Hatton by Joseph Hergsheim Scenario by Waldemar Young</p> <p>BETTY COMPTON in "The White Flower" Story and direction by Julia Crawford Ivers</p> <p>MARION DAVIES in "Adam and Eva" Directed by Robert Vignola From the play by Guy Bolton and George Middleton Scenario by Luther Reed A Cosmopolitan Production</p> <p>AGNES AYRES in "Facing Hearts" With Theodore Roberts and Richard Dix By Byron Morgan Directed by Paul Powell Scenario by Will M. Ritchey</p> <p>A James Cruze Production "THE COVERED WAGON" By Emerson Hough Scenario by Jack Cunningham Paramount's great epic drama</p> <p>"THE Nth COMMANDMENT" By Fannie Hurst Directed by Frank Borzage Scenario by Frances Marion A Cosmopolitan Production</p> <p>THOMAS MEIGHAN in "The Ne'er-Do-Well" By Rex Beach Directed by Alfred Green Scenario by Tom Geraghty</p>	<p>ALICE BRADY in "The Leopardess" By Katherine Newlin Burt Directed by Henry Kolker Scenario by J. Clarkson Miller</p> <p>POLA NEGRI in A George Fitzmaurice Production "BELLA DONNA" Supported by Conway Tearle and Conrad Nagel By Robert Hitchens Scenario by Ouida Bergere Presented by Hamilton Theatrical Corporation</p> <p>A William deMille Production "GRUMPY" With Theodore Roberts, May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel By Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval Screen play by Clara Beranger</p> <p>"THE GO-GETTER" By Peter B. Kyne With Seena Owen, T. Roy Barnes Directed by E. H. Griffith Scenario by John Lynch A Cosmopolitan Production</p> <p>GLORIA SWANSON in "Prodigal Daughters" Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn From the story by Joseph Hocking A Sam Wood Production</p> <p>A George Melford Production "YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE" With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi and Lewis Stone by Hector Turnbull</p> <p>An Allan Dwan Production "The Glimpses of the Moon" With BEBE DANIELS and Nita Naldi By Edith Wharton Scenario by Edfrid Bingham</p> <p>MARY MILES MINTER in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" With Antonio Moreno From the novel by John Fox, Jr. and the play by Eugene Walter Directed by Charles Maigne</p> <p>DOROTHY DALTON in "The Law of the Lawless" From a Pictorial Review Story by Konrad Berovick Directed by Victor Fleming Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon</p> <p>JACK HOLT in "The Tiger's Claw" By Jack Cunningham Directed by Joseph Henabery</p> <p>WALTER HERS and JACQUELINE LOGAN in "Mr. Billings Spends His Dime" By Dana Burnett Directed by Wesley Ruggles Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino</p> <p>A George Fitzmaurice Production "THE RUSTLE OF SILK" With Betty Compton and Conway Tearle By Cosmo Hamilton Scenario by Ouida Bergere</p>	<p>POLA NEGRI in A George Fitzmaurice Production "Decease" Ethyle Barrymore's great Empire Theatre success By Zoe Aiken Scenario by Ouida Bergere Presented by Hamilton Theatrical Corporation</p> <p>"HOLLYWOOD" A James Cruze Production By Frank Condon Twenty-five stars in support</p> <p>"VENDETTA" With Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens By Marie Corelli Directed by Alan Crosland Scenario by Frances Marion A Cosmopolitan Production</p> <p>THOMAS MEIGHAN in "White Heat" By R. G. Kirk, Directed by Alfred Green Scenario by Percy Heath</p> <p>AGNES AYRES in "Contraband" By Clarence Buddington Kelland Directed by Paul Powell Scenario by Beulah Marie Dix</p> <p>BETTY COMPTON in "The Woman with Four Faces" By Bayard Veiller</p> <p>GLORIA SWANSON in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" A Sam Wood Production From Charlton Andrew's adaptation of Alfred Savoir's play Scenario by Monte M. Katterjohn</p> <p>A William deMille Production "ONLY 38" With Lois Wilson, May McAvoy, George Fawcett, By A. E. Thomas Screen play by Clara Beranger</p> <p>BEBE DANIELS and BERT LYTELL in "The Exciters" By Martin Brown</p> <p>WALLACE REID in "A Gentleman of Leisure" By John Stapleton and P. G. Wodehouse Directed by Wallace Worsley Screen play by Albert Shelby LeVino</p> <p>"CHILDREN OF JAZZ" With Nita Naldi, Jacqueline Logan Conrad Nagel and Robert Cain By Harold Brighouse</p> <p>DOROTHY DALTON in "Fog Bound" By Jack Bechdolt Directed by Victor Fleming Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon</p> <p>ALICE BRADY in "The Snow Bride" By Sonya Levien and Julie Herne Directed by Henry Kolker</p> <p>JACK HOLT in "The Light to Leeward" By Peter B. Kyne Directed by Joseph Henabery Scenario by Jack Cunningham</p>

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HOT from HOLLYWOOD!

(Continued from Page 45)

Is Pola Engaged to Chaplin?

POLA NEGRI is the most recent fiancée attributed to Charlie Chaplin, Hollywood's most famous squire of dames. When questioned about the engagement Pola says "nossing" and Charlie says less, with emphasis. Every morning a telegraph messenger delivers a night letter signed C. C. to Pola, as she sips her breakfast chocolate, and the two are seen together everywhere.

Charlie's devotion smooths a little the path that is none too smooth for Pola at the Lasky studio. Upon her arrival in Hollywood, Paramount officials heaped honors upon Pola . . . none of which Pola refused. Which added no whit to Gloria Swanson's pleasure, heretofore queen of the Lasky lot.

A little incident at the Paramount banquet, given recently in honor of visiting officials from New York, added to the gaiety of nations here. The guests were seated around the festive board. At the head of the table, between Adolph Zukor and R. B. Kent, there was an empty chair. Between Jesse Lasky and C. B. DeMille there was another vacant chair. Suddenly there fell a hush . . . a strain of low music . . . the curtains parted and in swept Pola, gorgeously arrayed, seated herself in one of the vacant chairs. Whispers of admiration from the guests. Then . . . another hush . . . more music . . . again the curtains parted and in swept an even more gorgeously arrayed figure, triumph fairly oozing from every inch of her. Gloria had made the final entrance!

Mae Murray Gives Russian Dinner.

MR. AND MRS. ROBERT LEONARD (Mae Murray) entertained recently at a real, honest-to-goodness Russian dinner with vodka and lots of atmosphere. It was given at their new home, topping one of the Hollywood hills, and belonged formerly to Edwin Carew. Mischa Romanoff, whom they say is related to the ex-czar, and another Russian friend spent the entire day preparing the repast.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Earl Williams, Jackie Saunders, Rod LaRoque, Dorothy Farnum, Rupert Hughes and Robert Frazer.

Norma Talmadge Is Back.

THE Talmadges have returned from their pleasure trip abroad. Norma brought with her an English protegee, Margaret Leahy, whom she will introduce in her new picture, *Within the Law*. Buster and Natalie Keaton . . . and, of course, the baby . . . went to New York to meet the travelers.

"Tobie Tyler" for Jackie.

CAN you imagine a happier choice of story for Jackie Coogan than *Toby Tyler*, the favorite story of thousands of children of a generation back? Part of the story entails a three-ring circus, and Jackie thinks his salary of \$2.50 a week (as he believes it to be) is all velvet.

Viola Dana's Mother Dies.

MRS. MARY FLUGRATH, mother of Viola Dana and Shirley Mason, died in Hollywood recently. The funeral was attended by scores of prominent film folk.

Goldwyn's President Honored.

HIGHLY festive was the homage occasioned by the recent western visit of Edward Bowes, president of the Goldwyn studios. Rupert Hughes gave a dinner for him at the Club Royale, the smart new rendezvous on the beach-ward boulevard. The long, narrow table edging the dance floor marked the center stage for the fashionable dancing and dining audience. There were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Von Stroheim and Marshall Neilan with his young wife, Blanche Sweet, looking demurely bridey in a dove-colored chiffon dinner gown and a chic toque of azure blue, winged with feathery little sprays of black.

A distinguished figure was Mrs. Abraham Lehr, who is the wife of

(Continued on Page 71)

Hot from Hollywood!

(Continued from Page 70)

Goldwyn's vice-president and who had been asked by Mr. Hughes to act as hostess of the evening, in the absence of Mrs. Hughes, then en route from the Orient.

Claire Windsor was stately in old gold velvet made with the long, slim bodice and long, full skirt, while falling over the shoulders was a deep bertha of matching lace. Kathleen Clifford was frocked in iridescent sequins made with simple lines, sleeveless and with the close round neck-line. A wreath of brilliantly colored flowers encircled her head of short blond curls.

Then there was beautiful Eleanor Boardman, whose name is a newly discovered one which Dame Rumor links with Charles Chaplin. Others were the Hugo Ballins, George Fitzmaurice and his wife, Ouida Bergere; the Count de Limur, Mr. and Mrs. Paul De Iryde and Howard Hughes, brother of the host.

Two absent guests were Pola Negri and Charlie Chaplin. Charlie had run away to San Francisco for a few days and perhaps Pola was just being temperamental.

Royalty Entertained.

QUITE an aristocratic affair was the little dinner given by Charles Spencer Chaplin for Lord Louis and Lady Edwina Mountbatten, who were over from England on their honeymoon and were given the disposal of the palatial Douglas Fairbanks' home in Beverly Hills during their stay, the Fairbanks extending their hospitality from New York, where they were visiting at the time. The Lord Mountbatten was, before the war, Prince Henry of Battenberg, and his bride was Miss Edwina Ashley, richest girl in Great Britain. He is a cousin and boon companion to the Prince of Wales, who was best man at the wedding.

During the evening Doris Eaton, who is now scintillating at the Coconut Grove, sang a song about *The Royal Fellow* as she tripped down to the table and presented his Lordship with a flower and a message, "Remember me to your cousin, the Prince, when you get back to England."

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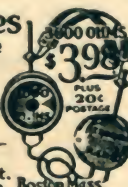
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When Is Nudity Immodest?

(Continued from Page 25)

decisions, all might have been well.

WE RECENTLY took a trip which included Samoa. Jolly little place, Pago-Pago. The fine, husky specimens of masculinity who carry one's trunks off the steamer are exclusively garbed in an hibiscus flower behind the ear. For more formal occasions they frequently wear a bright striped loin cloth, but masculinity always has to take something off when it is going to do something strenuous, so the Samoan sheds his cloth.

So far so good. But the female of the species, having loftier views of modern civilization, invariably wears the Mother Hubbard apron—a concession to the higher teachings of the Christian missionary.

Hence, you will see that, in Samoa, it is the women who are upholding civilization—almost like our own femininity on the beaches up till some five years ago, when mamma wore 'em full and wide and long and high, while papa contented himself with a mere half yard of anything about the middle, which never looked so very secure at that. Since then, however, the beach authorities, with a nice regard for the equality of the sexes, have made masculinity uphold civilization a bit, too—and mamma's load has been somewhat lightened, both spiritually and materially.

THIS matter of sex equality still needs a good deal of balancing in

the realms of true modesty. For instance, it is perfectly *comme il faut* for male humans to appear before a seething crowd, from which women are not barred, in the merest hint of a pair of "trunks." They call the occasions prizefights or boxing-matches, according to the prevailing legislation. These gentlemen leave next to nothing to expose—yet they are the heroes of their sex. Hairy chests and backs, bosoms, tummies, legs, arms, are all in a lamentably uncivilized state of nature.

But, I ask you, what hope for civilization—and universal modesty—could there be for the world if women presented themselves in public scantily be-trunked, with never even a pair of ashtrays as a sacrifice to modesty, a veil for Nature's incredible indecency? Well, as I said before, nice people really cannot argue on this distressing subject—modesty is too sacred a thing—but, don't you know, civilization never even begins to totter for the remissions of masculine boxing beauties.

I trust that I have made it quite clear that Modesty, Art, Truth, Nature and Realism all have their appointed place in Civilization; that any confusion as to dates, places, occasions, sex, education or entertainment can be most devastatingly serious; that, in fact, any deviations from customary modesty must be handled with the same caution with which one strikes a match. Gasoline and gunpowder may ever be at hand. Nudity, after all, is largely a question of Tact.

Secrets of Hollywood Telephones

(Continued from Page 27)

exhilarating salary, he buys largely. He is lavish, princely in his expenditures.

Tom Mix is the salesman's delight. His clothes and cars are *ne plus ultra*, to say nothing of the *sine qua non* of expensiveness.

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Today's activities on the Hollywood telephone and address exchange show the following notations: Tom Mix—bidding brisk; new stars, active; character stock players, quiet; Mary and Doug Fairbanks, very quiet—few takers.

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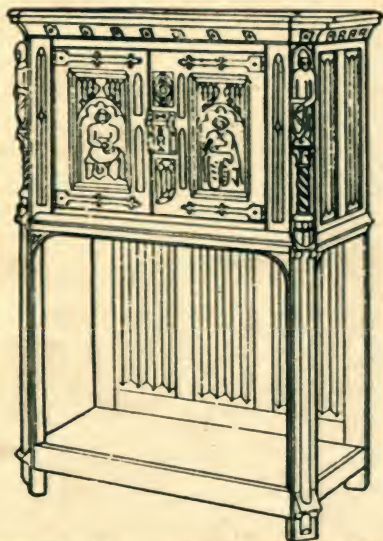
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SO THIS IS HOLLYWOOD!

(Continued from Page 51)

where Thomas keeps in trim to
jump off cliffs and wrestle bandits,
by means of trapezes and rings.

THE huge buildings that look so
much like the big barns down on
the farm that you look instinctively
for the silo and windmill, are the
stages. Two of them have glass
roofs; the others are "dark" stages.
The glass roofs are arranged to at-
tract all the sunlight possible. They
do. On warm days, when the famed
California sunshine functions even
as the Chamber of Commerce
would have it, the martyred actors
on the set experience all the sensa-
tions of Saint Lawrence on the
gridiron.

On these stages, Sheba's queen
courted pneumonia, and the *Con-
necticut Yankee* brought New Eng-
land ways to Arthur's court and
made him like it. Here Tony,
the talented pony, shares close-ups
with his master, and here the Count
of Monte Cristo suffered divers
grievous ills. Truly, romance clings
to these rafted roofs.

In the furthestmost corner of the
last stage, after threading our way

around perilous shin-smashing piles
of lumber and carpenters' tools, we
find William Russell, the cornfed
strong-man, shooting the last scenes
of his picture, *Man Size*. Between
shots, he discourses with the gentle-
man with the weary expression and
the reversed cap who handles his
camera with gloves and the actors
without, on the relative importance
of serials over program pictures.
Bill is going back to the continued-
next-week dramas as soon as ever
he can break away from his con-
tract with Vitagraph, it is rumored.
Bill never made so much money nor
so many friends as when he weekly
rescued the heroine from the jaws
of death and leaped from crag to
crag after fiends in human form
who had stolen "the papers."

But let us pass through that little
white gate that swings only one way
—out—and cross Western avenue
to the comedy lot. Here Al St.
John flirts with custard pies and
Chester Conklin gaily falls from
dizzy heights into specially pre-
pared plaster baths. Here, too,
Clyde Cook cavorts, to his own
amusement if to no one's else.

Mysterious Ways of the Beauty Glutton

(Continued from Page 48)

into this establishment and made
a bill of ninety dollars. She had
everything done to her pretty per-
son that she could think of, and
in a fit of generosity made her
sister a present of a permanent
wave!

Occasionally a man comes in
for a permanent wave, and then
there is great joy in woman's land.
The other day a male player in
the cast of *The Humming Bird*—
still humming merrily in a Los
Angeles theater with the inimi-
table Maude Fulton as the myste-
rious bird—came in for a per-
manent wave. Only ten tubes
were needed for his manly locks.
Professional reasons, purely, how-
ever.

IN this particular beauty parlor
it is information which has ceased
to agitate that Claire Windsor has
peroxidized blonde hair and that she
wears a lovely golden wig in pic-
tures; that Betty Compson's
crowning glory started out as a
nice mouse-colored brown mop of
just hair; was treated to a dose
of henna and created a sensation
on the Christie lot when it sprung

a halo on the camera; and that
now she has to make up her mind
each morning which of her three
beautiful yellow wigs she will
wear and which she will send to
the laundry or dry-cleaners; that
Mary Pickford does not wear a
wig at all, at all, but that she does
curl her hair artificially; that
Norma's and Constance's locks
are bobbed and have to be sup-
plemented generously by "store-
bought" hair; that Marguerite de
la Motte has the prettiest com-
plexion and the most disdainful
lips; that Constance Talmadge
really hasn't an atom of style;
that Norma's street clothes are
often home-made by Mama Tal-
madge; that Stuart Holmes wears
a toupee of passionate red curls to
synchronize with the fringe which
has survived the encroachings of
an egg-like dome; that Lottie
Pickford has had nine permanent
waves; that—but enough, enough;
leave us one little illusion, oh
Scheherazade of the beauty par-
lors! Let us still believe that Bill
Hart is an Apollo and that Ben
Turpin just does his eyes that
way on purpose.

The Movies Get the Ax

(Continued from page 41)

The Fatal Marriage, with Wallace Reid and Lillian Gish. Perhaps you even stood in line to see such a pair of stars co-star, only to find out that the picture was only another monkey-gland movie—*Enoch Arden* of a decade ago re-issued under a new title as a new picture.

A whole new deluge of Griffith pictures of the cinema feudal period is about to descend upon us. Independent Pictures Corporation is billing the first six of twelve old films. The probable age of the pictures can be calculated by the film-wise by noting the combinations of stars; Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh; Harry Carey and Jack Pickford; Lillian Gish and Harry Carey. You will note also that the information that these "box office winners" are re-edited and re-subtitled is in very modest type indeed.

A picture-wise public will not stand much longer for these re-hashed films masquerading as new productions. If an old picture has story possibilities that warrant reviving—revive it, *but* for the sake of the good name of the industry, do it over right. Follow the example of Mary Pickford, who has made her second production of *Tess of the Storm Country* a masterpiece.

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Why Smiles Make You Happy

(Continued from Page 49)

the memory of his excellent profile has died away.

BETTY COMPSON'S wistful little crooked smile is one of her greatest charms. Sweet but subtle, it refreshes and allures.

Did you ever note the effect of Mary Pickford's gentle smile upon an audience? Watch, next time, how it smoothes out the lines in tired brows, how it seems to take the soreness from hurt faces.

PRISCILLA DEAN wears the smile of conquest, assurance born of a magnificent woman's charms, strong and fearless.

JUST as your eyes are the mirrors of your soul, so does your smile betray your innermost self.

You can learn to smile. Smiles are not innate. Most of us were born howling, anyway.

So, in the words of the poet, "Smile, darn you, smile, even if you have got a tooth out."

Are Movie Actors Going Blind?

(Continued from Page 61)

the fair star only intensify their scarlet lids! The clear white of the eyeball is bloodshot as if a thousand tiny needles were pricking the tender surface. The sensation is similar to that experienced if a handful of fine sand is thrown into the eye. Terrific itching is experienced and the eyes are almost unbearably tender—looking as if they had been crying for a week.

The remedies mentioned give temporary relief, but the malady must run its course, usually ranging from two or three hours to two days, except in rare instances. The eyes must be completely rested and protected from the light. Serious results are likely to follow neglect of this warning and a month's inaction in a dark room will be necessary if the patient goes back on the set before his eyes are again in good condition.

ONE of the interesting phases of Klieg eye is that it does not make itself known until several hours after leaving the set. Then the eyes begin to burn and hot tears to well up, and the patient realizes that he is in for a bad night and all thought of sleep must be abandoned.

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How Mrs. Florence Carson not only increased her income but also became an author and a force in her community

"I was, in effect, a shut-in, for I was allowing my children, my husband, my home to absorb all my time, and rarely could I be any more interesting to my family or my friends than is the daily grocery list or the weekly washing. I was out of touch with everything I read, with every speaker whom I heard. In my rare hours of leisure I only set and dreamed—to no purpose.

"I was easily able to take care of all the household duties; our income was enough to give us the major comforts of modern life. Yet with it all I felt dull, fatigued and restless. I knew that I was not the brilliant, active girl with whom my husband had originally fallen in love. I had gone back because I had not used my mind—because my day dreams were but idle fancies—because I did not understand or appreciate the life which was glowing about me. I was suffering from mental starvation.

"Then, one day, a famous woman addressed our woman's club. She was an author, and one of the most interesting persons I had ever met. Frankly, I was humiliated by my inability to talk to her. She probably didn't notice my confusion, but I *felt* it, and truly, it hurt! When I sincerely analyzed myself I felt sure that I had abilities just as great as hers if I could only find and develop them. I was unwilling to admit inferiority. (And how glad I am today, that I didn't admit it!) At any rate, I knew I owed it to myself to find and use the talents I possessed.

"I tried to write down the things I knew about people and about myself, but they were confused and uninteresting. I read short stories in the magazines, but I could not find their parallels in the lives of myself and my acquaintances. I was at sea, so to speak.

Finding a Way

"How could I find a way? I was determined to do it, and one day I talked to the Editor of our local newspaper. He was interested in my problem and suggested that I learn how to observe and to write down my observations; to make them into *real stories*.

"'But how can I learn?' " I asked him.

"'Get in touch with Dr. Esenwein at Springfield, Mass.," he urged. 'He is the most practical, the most inspirational of all the teachers who have tried to instruct people in the art of the story, in the science of observing the interesting things of life.'

"I wrote to Dr. Esenwein and he answered my letter. And now Dr. Esenwein has taught me not only how to observe people, how to interpret what is going on in the life about me, but has actually taught me to write stories for magazines.

"Soon after I started to study with him I began to see in the life around me countless things that once seemed trivial and work-a-day, but which I now recognize as valuable story material. And, think of it—last year I earned over \$2,000!

"And Oh!, what it has meant to me to become—for they say that I have become—an interesting person, someone worth while, someone my husband not only loves, but 'is proud of.'"

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You, too, can get amazing benefits from Dr. Esenwein. He can teach you how to become a more interesting person—and if you have any talent for authorship he can teach you to make a great deal of money.

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to make a pleasant home. She has the duty to her husband, her children, her friends, to be more than a cook and a housekeeper. Whether or not she needs the extra money she might earn, she must help to make life interesting and varying to those with whom she comes in contact.

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SCREENLAND'S ACTORS' FUND

Film Actors in Danger of Freezing
in Russia; America Is
Appealed To

The clothing shortage in Russia is threatening hundreds of motion picture actresses and actors, as well as members of the other branches of the profession, with death from exposure. Herbert Hoover has said that two million Russians must perish within the next two months unless America sends them clothing.

Men, women and children, many of them geniuses of the opera, stage and screen, in Russia, are wrapping themselves in rags or thin flour sacking, their only protection against the fearful Russian winter. The present depression has closed most of the theatres, thus throwing the artists out of work. Those who still have work receive such small salaries that eking out a bare existence is an ordeal. An overcoat costs a year's wages in Russia today.

American motion picture artists have universally shown great generosity in responding to a call for aid from any worthy charity. SCREENLAND is giving its readers an opportunity to show an appreciation of this generosity, by helping the professional actors of Russia in their time of great need. Assistance from professional screen folk will be appreciated also.

The American Relief Administration has prepared a large number of "remittance bundles." These bundles contain enough woolen cloth, in dark colors, to make two children's outer garments; or a suit of clothes for an adult; four yards of lining; 16 yards of muslin; eight yards of flannelette; and buttons and thread to make up this material into clothing.

Twenty dollars will purchase one of these bundles, to be delivered to any individual designated, to any member of one of the artistic professions, or to any undesignated Russian.

The money may be sent directly to the New York headquarters of the American Relief Association, 42 Broadway, New York City, or it may be sent in care of SCREENLAND, to be forwarded to the association headquarters.

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HOLLYWOOD, Dec. 1.

DEAR MARY:

Well, here I am in Hollywood, as you can see by the address. I can hardly realize I am in the most famous city in the world. I thought I was doing something original when I bought a nine-months round-trip ticket to California, but it seems to me, Mary, that everyone in the world had the same bright idea. For tourists are so thick here that you can't see the real Californians. And you know, Mary, that the people I came out here to see are the stars.

My, how I did look for motion-picture celebrities when I first came out here! I thought I'd see Wallie Reid, Gloria Swanson and Mary Pickford the first day or the second at the least, and that the lesser lights would be so thick on the streets that I would have to elbow them out of my way.

But it's not that way at all, Mary. I was here a week before I saw even an extra, and I don't suppose I would ever have seen a real star if I had not been lucky enough to get an invitation from Cousin Frank to go to lunch with him. He knew what I wanted, and he took me to that quaint, blue-fronted cafe in the heart of Hollywood—the Armstrong-Carleton. My eyes nearly dropped out of my head from staring so hard, for Frank knows a lot of the stars by sight and could point them out to me. The place was full, and about two-thirds of the guests were picture people. Why, Mary, we had to stand for a few minutes before we got a table, and who do you suppose stood at my elbow and waited for a table, too? Charlie Chaplin! Honest! Frank had to hold on to me to keep me from peppering him with questions and compliments, but to tell you the truth, I would not have recognized him if Frank had not whispered the good news.

Gloria Swanson in make-up had run in from Lasky's and was sitting at a table with June Mathis, who wrote "The Four Horsemen" for the screen and who is going to do "Ben Hur." Mary Miles Minter was there with her mother, Mrs. Shelby, and her sister, Margaret Shelby, and Viola Dana in make-up was laughing at something Bull Montana in a dress-suit and needing a shave was saying!

So, Mary, when you come out to Hollywood, you must make the Armstrong-Carleton a daily habit, for I can tell you from experience that every person in the movies eats there at least once a week.

I must dash away to dinner there now. Jack Holt is having lunch there today, and I wouldn't miss looking on for the world.

Hastily,
ELENA.



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The INFANT Industry Learns to TALK

(Continued from Page 62)

Fairbanks could not "see" the talking movie. "I do not want people to see me as I am," he asserted. "I want them to see me as I portray the character . . . the quality beyond reality is far more intriguing. Why shatter the illusion with 'canned' words? Would you put lip rouge on the Venus de Milo?"

THOMAS H. INCE, producer, was "willing to be shown."

"But would it not be grotesque a number of people speaking on the screen, and the voice always coming from the same spot? Opera, however, might be popularized by the talking motion picture. Our attitude toward the reproduction of the singing voice is not so critical."

Agnes Ayres, Paramount star, is an enthusiastic advocate of combining the voice with motion-picture interpretation. "Talking films would infinitely broaden the scope of dramatic interpretation. Our development is all a matter of training, and lessons in voice culture would not be so great an added task."

Marshall Neilan, producer and director, is as certain that talking movies will one day supplant the silent drama as the fact that the phonograph has supplanted the music-box. On the other hand, Frederick Palmer, head of a school of screen writing, believes the most subtle beauty of the motion picture is summed up in the one word . . . silence.

J. HARTLEY MANNERS and Laurette Taylor insist that half the enjoyment of the picture they are making, *Peg o' My Heart*, will be lost in the absence of the delightful Irish brogue.

Guy Bates Post and Theodore Roberts, who have both won fame on the legitimate stage before entering pictures, doubt the possibility of successfully mixing the two arts.

TALKING movies didn't make much of a hit with June Mathis, probably the most famous scenarist in pictures today, since her success at adapting *The Four Horsemen* and *Blood and Sand*.

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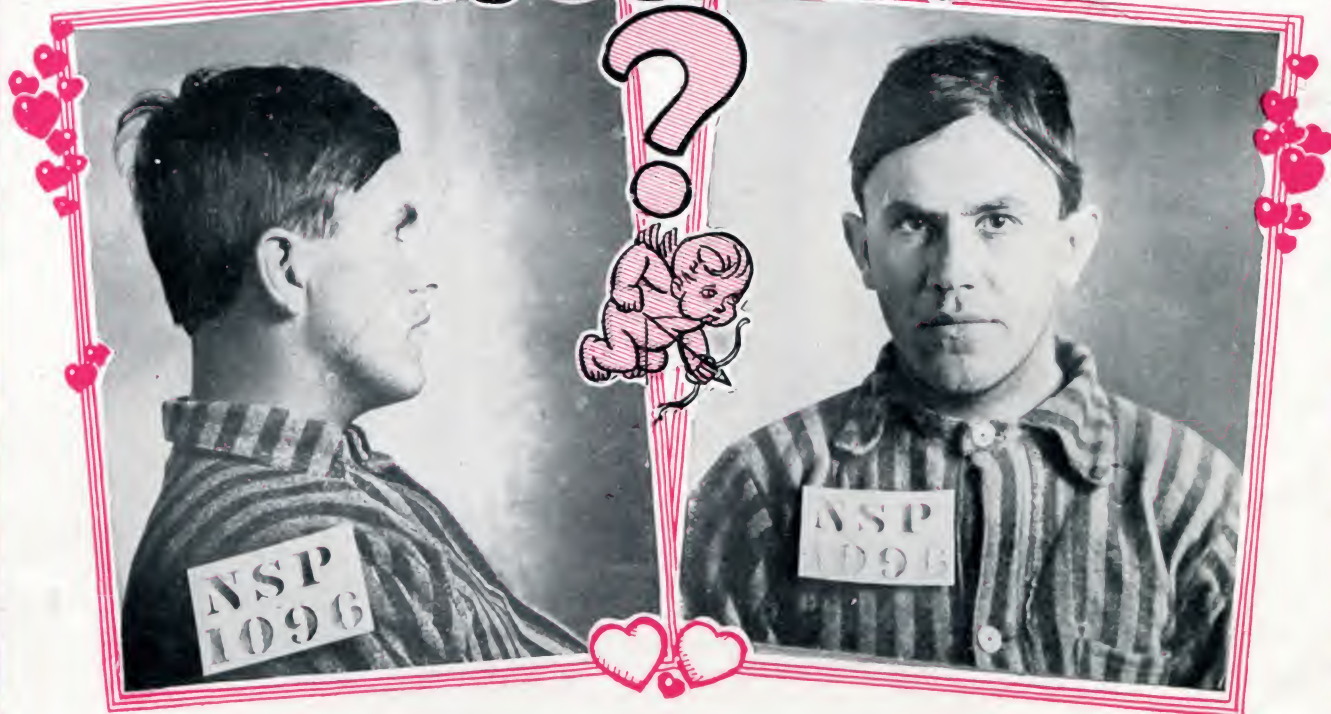
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